

Poetry Series

Elizabeth Tyease Collins
- poems -

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Elizabeth Tyease Collins(December 22,1992)

It has been almost 4 years since I have been on here, and I am sure even longer since I have posted any poems. Hiya I'm Elizabeth.23. Reside in Nj. Poetry and I are trying to get reacquainted. Interests? Bdsm, Ddlg, psychology, kittens, kpop, korean culture, romance, love, the key to happiness. Feel free to shoot me a message anytime.

!!!!!! *-Curtain Call-*[]

With every pulse that has thumped in my heart,
with every ounce of denial and distress I've caused you,
I say with the upmost respect that I adored you,
I become you,
I loved you,
I was you.

With every smile to every kiss taken
cuddled, kissing, giggling,
every minute i spent I never knew would be my last so i abused whatever love
for me you had,
but I realized that the light had shown upon me and showed me
the truth,
there was no more me and you.

For every tear I cried for you to every poem I wrote about
you I knew back then that what we had wouldn't end,
it couldn't, I told myself over and over, it wouldn't,
but it did.

A fool I was for thinking such things,
for thinking with everything that i've put you through
that you would still stand as my Superman,
no, I've let that image go,
I let myself down,
and I drowned.

Eyes open I see the heartbreak,
I see ever mistake and every thing I said,
with every lie I've kept and every blood I dripped,
to every laugh I have engraved in my memory,
you left out of happiness,
to be free for your own good.

I can do nothing now but let you go,
live life on your own,
and leave me completely alone.

!!!!!! +++!! Composure!!!!!!

Though I try to smile and keep my composure,
something's keeping me from returning to the
heart that screwed me over.

Nights like this I wish that my head would cooperate,
though times I felt nothing but the need to disintergrate.

I smile through the pain and I
live with half a heart,
restless evenings spent dissecting what
kept me together, and what tore me apart.

Though I try to decide what I try to hide,
I'll try to keep my composure and I'll try to smile.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

!!! For The Moment

I held my hands out and tried to feel you beneath my fingertips,
to feel some type of consciousness to keep me sane.
I open my eyes to see you there, standing there with your eyes burning with hatred, clutching onto the edge of insanity.

I felt my heart beat to the rhythm of forgiveness,
to sing the sadness of your cheating, of your tears dried up on the stoop.
I wanted to get close enough to apologize for every sin that sent your heart ablaze,
but I was invisible to your existence.
Your eyes never lit up at my appearance,
your heart never skipped a beat with ever kiss I planted on your cheeks,
your image of me never crumbled of my sinful fornication,
intertwined and anonymous lust.
I was no longer your good luck charm but the curse that bloodied his hands and made his heart turn to stone.

I was left that day with my heart in my hand and a knife in another,
bleeding every cry with every strike with every denial, with every denial with every regret, with every suspicious, and every ounce of AGGRESSION was taken with each stab she lost herself,
I lost myself,
and she was as hollow as the coffin that she dug herself in and he merely stood...and laughed,
enraptured with the deceit of mess and massacre,
danger and withdrawal and he clapped his hands,
amused at his ex-lovers deeds.

A slow heartbeat of a vein hanging by a thread of herself.
She drew out a gasp and cut the thread of her life source and she fell,
and he looked, turned, and walked away.

Fin

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

!!! Talking From The Inside!!!

It was my heart that tore through love and death
to be right by your side,
it was my fists that knocked out ever loser and creep
that ever caused you pain,
it was my actions that I thought kept you safe here
in my arms,
safe here with no harm,
safe with no distractions.

It was my voice that spoke through the darkness that let
the people know that you're the best person you can be,
to let them know that you're not a perfect human being,
to let them see that your eyes are heavy with guilt but could
be filled with tears, and they listened with echos,
I made sure of it.

It was my eyes that teared up when I saw the way you looked
at me through the reflection,
like I was a sight that you never wanted to see,
you spoke with such intensity that I never knew how to breathe.
You took scissors from off the bathroom sink and cut off all of our hair,
left almost bald with eyeliner streaming down your face,
with death engraved inside your heart that I kept safe,
the reflection you busted with the scissors in your hands,
dripping down so fast like quicksand,
I yell in our head to do it again,
to watch the reflection break apart,
but you stared wild-eyed and
I slowly realized,
that the person on the inside wasn't the real you.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

♥ Interwined In Lace♥

I have him stuck in my mind,
his lips so soft and tender,
our fingers creeping to interwine,
our hearts beating at the same time,
are soft giggles filling the room,
soft lace covering our insecurities.
Body to body we form as one,
you've stolen my heart.

Sweet darling how you hold me so,
how you whisper sweet quotes of your love,
us wrapped in this lace us two,
my arms wrapped around you.

The beating of his heart grows faster,
the more I layed my head on his
shoulder,
the more excited I got when he
played with my hair and looked me
straight in the eyes.

You sent this angel
down to send me the love
that I've prayed to want this whole
time,
the intimate times we spend holding
each other everyday through the nights
at end.
The times when you even leave the room
I cringe,
for the craving of you scent, your touch,
that sends shivers down my spine to want
you near.

Is this love that my heart seems to jump
for joy to feel you even touch my shoulder?
Is it lust that I want you to take full advantage
of me but after that, cuddle?
Must it be love that the days are a blur

but when you're around time seems to go in slow
motion?

Or is it lust that my fantasies of you and I
cross my mind even when you're near me.

The lace I hold close to my body,
as he wraps his arms around my waist,
we close our eyes and lean in close,
to our sleep of sweet escape

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

&just How Much You Mean To Me 3&

Maybe it's just me but I need your breath upon my skin.
I guess weird to say but you simply complete me.
You simply care so much as to have thought of me.
Your love overpowers every ounce of negativity in the world,
you are the perfect little person in this big non perfect world,
and I'm such a lucky girl to be with someone like you,
to hold someone so cool,
to caress someone so true.

So no matter how many times your friends claim to say
that us being together won't work because we're so far away,
just know that my heart is always in your hands,
so I trust you at every thought in your head,
every time you hold my heart so safe in bed,
how your eyes flutter closed and you seem to drift off
to netherland,
I'll be there in spirit,
with my heart by your side,
as your lucky girl with a golden mind.
I love you and and there's no one I'd rather love more,
than you my Lovie,
whom I'll always adore =]

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

***psychotic Little Girl~

I planted my feet among the earth and the streets
grew morose,
the scent of sweet surrender filtered my nose,
just a child so cold,
a little girl so alone with no place to call her home,
she keeps her feet planted,
she's not seen.

She can find her worries locked in a box,
among the streets she roams,
a woman she sees in a mirror,
someone so familiar,
her feet still planted on the ground.

The woman shows cuts across her wrists
with a smile,
shows her feet still planted on the ground.

The sky shows stars as sharp as knives,
the silence haunts her reflection,
her reflection to be perfect,
but her negativity getting the best of her.

She looks on with dried tears and blood-shot eyes.
She will never be perfect again.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

****blood Is Art****

My fingers rubbed against the surface of glass,
and it shattered before my hands.

I watched as it welcomed my skin with an open
demise that would've made the strongest weep,
but there I stood carefully, quietly, consistently,
staring as the blood rushed and how my breath my
soft but there I watched the blood flow.

My thumb and middle finger twitched as the glass devoured
every portion of my skin now painted with a bronze red,
a red that I watched flow out of my skin so soft and settle.

I watched it flow,
and my hand made a fist,
more gushing,
like a beautiful bloody waterfall that creeps out
of a human being and I smile,
I'm a work of art.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

****death's Song****

Death's song plays in tune,
in tune with lives he holds in his hands.

He plays of loneliness and depression to
come,
he sings of lost lives and death itself counting
down until the lives of mortals are all gone.

Death keeps his tune with a flute that he hides
behind shadows and tucks deeply within.
His heart turned dark years and years before the moon
was introduced to the sun,
and before life corresponded to death.

He cared for no one and was taken the job of
holding lives,
lives of the lonely, the sick,
and the heartache,
he was told he couldn't come back,
so he spends eternity sitting beneath the
shadows,
of the layers of dark corridors and dark passageways
of people's worst nightmares,
and the last thing you'll ever hear,
is the death's tune loud and clear.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

****touch_Me****

My body is sensitive to the sound of things,
and by the heavy feet walking up the stairs my body is sensitive to the vibrations
and energy of you turning the knob to come in, to find me.

It's silent at first.

But slightly I hear you walking around the apartment,
I feel your energy get stronger and my knees get weak,
and the door opens and we meet eye to eye and you touch me.

You touch me from a few feet away and I feel overwhelmed,
That such a being could invade my mind and fit so snug into the hollowness of
my heart.

You touched me,

And I felt every emotion from the first day we met and every single problem slip
away.

You touched me,

With your eyes I see you see me and I desire your body near me but you looked
at me, and you saw me

As I needed you,

This little girl needs you to love me

And teach me,

To nurture and protect me,

And to forever desire me

And touch me.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

.Cryptic Memory.

My heart will stay in a cryptic memory,
tainted to the touch but cold to the
core,
what my heart use to dwell on the faintest lies
spread across lips stained to
perfection,
now burns with kerosene through MY hopes
and MY dreams,
tearing through mY flesh and crying out
MY lies,
hoping for everything to be okay in my eyes,
but then at the same time walk with a broken smile
and not a hand to hold me through the times that I needed
it the most,
my Superman was never there when I
needed him to save me from myself,
have me mixed up on what's real or not,
kept me guessing on when to walk on eggshells,
when to speak or when to just let go.

I've thrown my heart into countless lessons of
broken hearts and so I've locked my
feelings up tight...away from anyone so they
won't hurt me...my heart will stay as a cryptic memory
far away...for no one to see.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

misconception

Every night spent in tears takes a toll on her,
mixed emotions selfless statements portrayed,
the world had never seen such an empty child,
such an empty doll,
full of disbelief and the loss of faith,
loss of self proclaimed words or when to wait,
lost in a pool of her own waste she's captured,
trying aimlessly to see the world within,
trying to fit in with humanity without losing her sanity.

Every night she sits arms at her sides as the world
analyzes her every move,
ready to dictate and manipulate every breath that she
takes but she's merely a nobody to the universe,
just another one of 'those' people but cocked tight is the
bullet she's ready to shoot at anyone or anything that
intends to hurt her,
that intends to change her.

Still she'll look up at the sky and ask God why,
why her misery is holding her hand and leading
her to through trials of misconception and the dark
corners of misunderstanding,
internal struggles act out with physical notions,
hearts breaking and chaos controlling,
all in her head she was hanging her sanity,
just slowly by a thread.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

the Dark

I stand alone with the lights turned out,
reaching for the existance that I want on my fingertips.

I hear the voices through the darkness call me strange,
i feel my whole body grow cold,
like someone touched me frozen.

I breathe out good and intake evil,
for it reeks with their hate throughout the dark air,
I knew then,
that I was not home.

I can never speak of my excuses for my attempted suicide,
and I drowned in the darkness that sent a wave through me.

My hands will never stretch out toward the darkness again
because I've become whatever they've told me I will,
and I watched the world devour in flames,
the only light I saw,
were the flames.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

.defeat.

A prisoner of defeat,
She drowns upon her two feet.
She struggled with the tossing and turnings of mistrust,
The misguidance of love and the attention and the learning of
Love and lust.

She drowned within her inner battle of her worst enemy which was her,
Who hung on her every word to make sure to destroy her.
She drowned upon her two feet,
She struggled winning and losing her trust,
Her confidence and morose attitudes towards life teetering and tottering.
People told her that her eyes were gorgeous,
That her smile had the power to save the world,
But she only felt the need to cut up more flaws and to see herself within a
complexity unlike her very own.

Her reflection mocked her innocence and her defeat and her courage to see,
But her flaws were blinded,
Appearing absent mindedly within talks of conversation,
Within her reactions happening simultaneously,
Within her head was a battle that the flaws knew would win,
She grew crazy within herself but was only a hard empty shell.

A prisoner of defeat she raised her hands up towards the sky,
Offering her soul to whom ever would take the last broken pieces
Of her true self,
She promised to herself not to make herself last any longer,
Any longer than she could handle.
The love people handed to her in a silver platter she only flipped over and
relinquished,
Fit with lies was how she took it,
So there she stood upon her two feet,
Underwater where her immaturity shall weep,
A prisoner of defeat.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

.her Isolation

Incisions marked with skin of silk,
I am vulnerable,
true to flesh and bone,
I am human,
capable of making the light disappear within my fingertips.

I love and hate,
as such reactions towards the darkness I look on knowing that I
just won't make it...

Cracked up smiles and blurry faces try to escape the side of your,
sweet presence,
thinking that a girl so ignorant such as she could sustain her
anger much longer.

She must be human for she feels what she's been taught.
Self pity is what she wants,
so her selfishness she will get,
even if her veins burn with envy,
or tower over with regret.

You've tried so hard to stay so strong
but obviously not enough,
You know you can make it through to him
so act like you're tough.

These burned bridges are slowly finishing it's trail,
and silence will be joined at the end,
until then she'll stay a ruined creation of the world,
she'll live or make ammend.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

.his Anger.

There he was positioned in front of the reflection and through the eyes he senses the hint of anger.

As he stares he yells,
hands clenched and his voice booming through the walls of his room.
He yells at his stupidity and his insanity, of his depression restraining him whole, he yells at the reflection that's in his way of what he really was.

Every word he's yelled he's inflicted on his kids,
every dropp of anger led from abuse he's installed upon marks of misery on his own flesh and blood.

He points a finger at this madman that stands before him pointing back,
and tells him that he's nothing, that his anger is overpowering everything that he use to be,
that with all the people he should blame for his unhappiness it should be him

His eyes tell a story of a lonely little boy inside his depressing heart,
now a grown man with kids of his own and still he yells in fright.

This battle on his own is slowly wearing down,
because inside he's losing what he had,
that even his daughter at sixteen can't deal with his prescence being around her because he's so sad.

So he looks with the anger through his eyes he's dead,
but inside he's still that little kid,
so when he burns all his bridges down,
he's gonna be by himself instead.

Touchy subject but I wrote it because of my father.
Thank you for reading.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

.internal Struggle,

Punctured you left my heart punctured,
dying, you grasped reality and now you're dying,
seeing,
believing love was the antidote to life's meaning.

You see now,
that now she's bleeding,
thinking,
that her life would stay the same,
when her parents fought tooth and nail just
to keep her sane.
She's seeing a new her with the mirror
she's seeing for the existence of who she wants to
be she's falling,
into a world where life is just a life of brawling,
tension built from the years of oppression she
couldn't get a hold on herself
so she cried.
She grieves silently so that love would cry,
to make sure that the demons nearly died,
so that finally she could rest her head awhile.

She falls asleep with troubles leaving bruises on her sides,
fighting to get a grip of why to hold,
when the knives of the beloved kept her so calm,
she has nothing to do but to give up
being strong,
giving up on trying to find herself
hold on,
so she's silent.

Her mouth sewn closed with solitude
of her insanity,
she'll die alone and wish for death immediately,
while inside the real her reaps the horrors of her reality

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

.psychotic Love.

My eyes hide secrets.

The thought of us sets me aflame and Im ashamed to say that my heart still
beats,
slowly beats,
for your satanic touch in which misery caresses my self-hate.

I've thought of this image as a way of showing love,
shedding blood spatter across newly painted walls,
I've screamed enough and I've dealt with enough shit to know how I feel so don't
judge me.

The simple imagery of the same hearts bleeding in unison sends the devils heart
into flames,
I've thought about you so much it makes the acids within my stomach bubble,
makes heaven and hell compete for the tides on which my heart sways,
putting out its internal flames.

It's love I tell you,
pure,
intentional,
suicidal,
psychotic love,
and I know you can't leave me,
because I've left signs of your remains as things of the past

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

.nding.

I'm sin,
and i wear a mask with it.(real)

I wear painted on tears
and glass eyeballs,
only for you not to see my true identity.(pretending)

I speak with ignorance and I
walk with grace.(pretending)

I laugh when i cry (inside)
and I cry when I laugh(inside)
I'm insanities inner authority that
makes up the REAL me.(real)

I smile when needed,
and cry when neccessary.(pretending)

I lie when I feel like I need to,
and I'll pretend till i leave this place that's
called home.(real)

Not the blame you say,
not the end as it may,
but pretending these scars
hurt is all i was made for.(real)

I'm sin,
and I wear my insecurities with it.(real)

I am flesh and blood,
and i live and breathe evil,
so even when I smile or seem
sarcastic, my insanity is finally kicking
in. (real)

For you to see,
maybe,

but is too frightened to be hurt.(real)

I'm sin,
and I wear a mask with it(real)

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

.reborn.

Within the minds of the sinner,
I am reborn.

Within the thoughts of the beggars and
choosers,
we are reborn.

I am within the heart of a lover
but close-minded he is.

His secrets buried deep within are
now exposed.

His mind spins uncontrollably and he
knows he's losing it.

His secrets now exposed I am
within the mind of a sinner,
and so I am reborn

Weird poem but I thought it was kinda cool.
I was watching Silent Hill when I wrote this ^-^

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

.the Horrors Of The Weak.

Through the clenched teeth
you sink in with this,
belief that you're stronger than me.

These,
broken smiles are your nightmares
but you stay strong and send me your
deepest devotion to be with death,
hand in hand,
flesh to flesh.

You've done nothing but tear up me inside and out,
left not a dropp of hostility towards anyone again,
not to ever look at the light in the abyss of dark,
but only to see clearly into the crypts of the insane.

I've been crawling and fighting tooth and nail to be seen
by you,
clenching through pain and going through trials of the unseen
just be in the prescence of such a look of perfection.

To you you think that I'm this weak little monster,
your little disaster that you use when needed,
when I have a knife hidden beneath selfishness and
sorrow,
knowing that when I strike,
all will end.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

.untitled. [really Corny I Know Eh...]

Hands bare,
torn of skin and bone,
you told me to live life on my own.

Whipped and tattered was my heart,
your laughter filling up my fright,
my eyes red from stress,
your knife glinting in the darkness.

Hands bare,
torn of pride and joy,
you had me trapped and you sliced me
once, because you knew I told you lies,
twice, for seperation so you slit my wrists for me,
and three times for everytime it took for him to lose his self control.

I was his puppet and I was here and there,
and he left me bleeding that faithful day,
surprised I grabbed my throat and felt the world go black,
for I did what was right and never ever looked back

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

^i Love You So Much

You could never deny my love for you
for it is written on my wrists of an
unending obsession of you
Fake and tainted smiles tug at your lips as I trace my fingertips across your hips.
And you squirm.

I always told you that there would always be an us,
there would always be the defying moment where you look at me and it hits you-
this girl really loves me,
yet you look at me and it hits you-this girl is psychotic

I don't care, I just want to feel your
skin.

To dream of our kin and wanting our new lives
to begin.

I want to admire your despair and release some tension that you might
have through tiny injections of the happiness that you need oh so much.
See, what you think is an obsession is mere infatuation of you.

The way you are,
the way you think,
what you stand for.

But you see me mad?
MAD?

You could never find someone as dedicated as I,
nor will you find someone as good as sending shivers down your spine.
So don't sit here and say that you
never loved me back.

I see the glint in your eyes and you can't
fake that.

Telling others that I'm a loner and a complete freak
when that night I let you touch me so softly in your dreams.

So before you go and spread lies
realize that I kept pictures and video
of the events of our moans, our cries.

So take that to the grave my love
for we will surely meet again,
this love coiled around my heart my dear,
will keep my heart pumping until the end.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

~~~~~could Be Love.

At a place with loud noise,
bass, drums, all wrapped into a sick
beat.
Lights flash and bodies mash into each other.
The crowds moves in an undescrivable groove
and part,
and I peek a goddess and I must be honest she was
surely a keeper.

Her body drove me wild as she tantalized me
with her eyes as the lights flashed in
this beautiful disaster,
the crowd pushes me forward and so I went towards this
unexplainable goddess in front of me.
The bass bumps louder as I approached deep water and
tested my fate at the bar,
she stood 5'2 and eyes a green blue and long curly
brown hair.

Caught in distraught as it all sets in that this meeting in
this very club,
could ever be more than lust, oh no, this has got to be love,
so I grab her hand and I lead her to the floor
and dance like we were alone just us two,
and enwrapped you in my arms I'll keep you nice and warm
as long as you keep me here.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

==the Cold That Took You Away==

The heavens parted and the waters have calmed,
to bring you to me in the beginning of this
invisable storm,
but you let through and i held out my hand
and was able to get away to the tropical land.

First it rained and rained but i knew we could
survive,
all we needed was shelter or just somewhere
to hide.

If not then my love will keep us dry,
no matter what will happen I'll always be
by your side.

Then cold weather came our way,
and the snow came down hard,
and i felt obligated to keep you warm so safe in my
arms,
but the cold cut through love and ice,
and left me there holding onto nothing
but a lost life.

I told you before the cold hell came,
that I would protect you at all cost
no matter how bad it would be,
but i stood in the shadows holding onto my
sorrow,
when i saw that your body lost it's warm glint
and became so hollow.

I resisted to touch it as you layed there
cold to the touch,
but my love is attached to you and i can't
let you go off,
I promised you a life of no worries,
no arguments, no time,
intimacy among the highest levels,
just you and me....

The snow took you away from me,
the night that lost more than one life,
so as much as i hated to see your body
so cold,
i promised myself to not let you go alone.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

=neverbeenough.(I Give Up)

I ache for the feeling of acceptance,
nearly clawing and hungering for more,
I sit upon this floor looking at the time going
ticktoctick and wondering, 'What the hell am I living for? '

My heart I'm holding in my hands
I slowly realize once more,
as I look up at the time I see in the morning
it's a quarter after 4.

The numbness is crawling back to me
welcoming me with open arms,
and I, only a troubled servant,
accept it, it can't do me wrong.

Who am I to walk this earth for?
When I'm only here to save the world,
I'm here to make the world a better place
and help all that adore.
I'm sitting here with my cape and tights
and never complain once,
but I know as strong as I seem to be, in my head I think
'I want to give up.'

I sit here engulfed in my thoughts,
lost in time and space,
watching my life pass me by
without a second glance.
If only I had something to live for, to keep me going on
if only there was someone here to hold me, to keep me safe and warm.
Am I stuck within a web of my emotions
or am I stuck with my cape and tights
that instead of having someone defend me
I always have to fucking fight.

So I'll sit on this floor and I let life pass me by
while I'm left all alone with my cape and tights,
left to wonder the world and not sure if my left is familiar to my right.
If I'm wrong to feel such strong emotion of being able to open

then you can take my cape and tights and shove it,
because I can't live this life
living with lies
when I know inside I'M hurting.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

All For You

Your arms open wide
you take me in
take in my mistakes
forgive all my sins
just to see me smile,
just to see me smile.

You tell me secrets and I'll tell you mine,
I breathe you in as we intertwine
you have me shaking by the way you're talking
having me think that nothing could ever compare.
To the memories we make,
the history we intake,
you have me on cloud 9 and I never want to lose
this feeling,
to feel neglected is never the option.

The love you give
is more than I can ask anyway,
and I thank God on this very day
to bring forth my personal guardian angel,
and bless this world with his very presence.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

All I Need

You're all I need
not another bystander to inhabit my vision
You..
the only fresh breath of air
the only kisses the keep me on cloud nine.
Significant.
You have so much to give,
so much to represent,
but no one would see except me.

This world could tear us apart,
but our love is our shield
the one thing that would bring the strongest
person to their knees.

We are strong
we live long,
are love prolongs till the end of time,
and I can never say that I've lived this horrid life alone,
just knowing simply that you are mine.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

All I Wanted

As long as the days grow longer
and sudden tears shed that are prone,
I'll walk this Earth with my heart in a jar
And I'll live life alone.

When the days never seem to end
and I try my best to stay strong
nothing in this world could be as bad
as spending it alone.

In my bed I'm merely sitting here
writing this sweet and sad poem
meandering the dream of a broken dream
but still feeling so alone.

The voices in my head agree
that life isn't fair,
that they want to scream and grab onto
what really isn't there.
A life once so rich is now so bitter and prolonged.
What's the point of trying?
I'll end this alone.

So life will go on
and more tears will be shed,
a grief will fill the hearts
of the people that love me dearly
but watched me fall apart.
They line up dreary to my coffin with a stone
engraved with love
'You were never alone.'
and that's all I needed.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Begging.

When I reached my heart to you it was severed in two,
and as much as I'm bleeding here tonight I couldn't
see it without you.

Yes I've tried to deal with words that damaged
my flesh
left me naked with my own control
but to live this life without you?
I promise I won't let you go.

Pounce on me and pound on me
shoot me in the heart with a gun
set fire to all my dreams that I once dreamed but
are now forgotten like before.
Kill me and decapitate me,
spread my pieces all over the floor,
but don't tell me that you don't love me,
but that you love her more.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Cheat

After what you did to me
you expected me to stay?
You think that toying with
my heart will get you far,
that my heart was a coat to
put on only when you needed it?

You played with a heart that was too
strong for you to handle,
my heart has been through hell
and war to get where I am,
and you think that my strong willing
would stoop me so low?

Do you actually think that I didn't
hear the phone calls late at night with
her,
when you claimed during the day that
you were 'working' but when I followed
you were kissing her at her door?
Do you play me for a fool?
I must be,
and if I am,
why am I crying?

I had to do something to end the pain,
this is the worst pain I've ever felt,
and it was my heart playing your stupid
game,
I had to do something to relieve the tension,
to show that I'm tougher than you are,
I sank my words truthfully into your skin
and watched responses bustle throughout your
ribs,
you played with a heart that's hurt too much
so why not eliminate the
heart that no one cares for?

Dark

Do you see how deep darkness can be,
desired destiny in your way,
with tightly tinted eyes that see a different
world,
but believe that you can see as clear as day.
Do you see how deep darkness can be,
of among them all we dance,
through tough love,
through no love,
I'd rather live without.
Think thoroughly through reality
and you tell me what's true,
can your deep dark tinted eyes see
past the reality of truth?

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Escape

Escape with a breath,
I am silenced.

The life so divine was not spiraling,
to feel high is a remarkable feeling,
but to be high and reach for the golden skies,
I'm completely torn by this dream.

Through the mirror it reflects a past of
broken pieces set aflame,
I'll scream through a personality unknown.

Escape with a breath,
the air suffocates me.

Lips quench the thirst of purity,
but none can touch something so imperfect,
but for what it's worth I'll press my lips against it,
and my body is shredded.

Escape with a breath,
tattered and torn,
I am reborn,
with brand new eyes,
and a new mirror appears.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

False Hope, Dying Out

You, were my breath,
my moment,
my second.

You were every word spoken
every lost second,
every steady heartbeat.
But you let me be.

To say of such a thing
that love never existed,
is fire in my veins,
making me go crazy.

For was I a fool to believe your confirmation
that you would hold my heart with no hesitations?

Cloudy days seem to fade away,
the less I think of your embrace,
the length of time has made me think
that things will never be the same.

As time goes on you'll fade away
a final goodbye?
a choice of yours to stay?
False hope,
no rhyme,
just a simple smile,
to what we had,
and how I wasted my time.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

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Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Giving

I felt this way of self respect
and I never thought this would happen to me.
What I want, wasn't love, but to feel like I'm
needed.
Hold me close and don't let go,
let go of the times when I felt this world go cold.

Simpler than you realize I'm nothing more but a person
on this Earth to exceed your every wish
to make you feel wasted
to make you feel t home
safe in my arms.

I'll give my all to make you smile
even if inside I cry
even if all I want to do is lie
this world completely alone I'll try and try.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Goodbye(The Last Poem That Mentions You)

I saw you that last time right in front of me,
tears in your eyes and a hole in your heart at my dining room table
at my house.

I didn't care how many tears you shed, it was done.
My heart no longer felt what it did weeks ago,
I no longer needed you,
never craved for your touch,
never ached whenever you left me.
Nada, nothing.

You stared up at me,
hope and desperation leaking from your pores,
you looked deep within me and you saw me...I was cold.
I was cold because I knew this would be it.
No more late nights looking up at the night sky, the moon being a spotlight for
our hearts
wondering if there were people watching our love. We were the example of God's
perfect angels.
Lasting conversations of us speaking of our future,
our kids having kids,
growing old and wrapped up in each others arms till the end of time
no more,
of sitting on the phone for hours listening to our hearts beat wondering if we
could
get any higher than we were at that very moment.

I knew it was all over.

Your eyes sparkled and I saw tears flow down your cheeks.

I never wanted to be the one that had to do it, but I didn't wanna lie,
we faded,
and everyday I knew it yet you held onto me like a frightened child.
I never knew that day would haunt me everyday of my life.

4 years, one month and 7 days later you're in a relationship, pushing towards
marriage because you want it to work.

Because in your mind you're running out of time and you need to find a way to find yourself fast within her

but Who's been there for you the past two relationships AFTER me? Me.

Because the day I let you go was the day I took a part of myself with you, so I followed you.

See, I was so strong,

well I was trying to be strong without you,

so I stayed by your side and helped you through your second heartbreak after me.

You cried on my shoulder and I held you closer thinking, 'If I hold you close enough to feel my heartbeat, would you lean closer and hear it beat your name? '

Would you be blind of the lies written all over my face that the girl that your with is the one that you can truly take in

as yours,

I...was your way of escape. I was the air that you breathed to your lungs I was your heroin I was...your masterpiece.

You're gone now.

And today I sit here and listen to our song over and over,

stuck in the past of what we were, what we are, and what we could've been.

I used to write your name on my skin because your last name looked so beautiful next to my own,

because I knew it was real, it was sincere.

I've grown up and I see that you are no longer the person that I lean on,

I learned how you used me and abused me mentally,

had me self inflicting my lies and denial to myself to make yourself a better person I...was your punching bag.

So goodbye.

Goodbye to all the lost time and the endless nights of crying.

Goodbye to all the times that I felt like I was so close to getting you back but you led me on

and I followed like a sick puppy wanting for their master.

Goodbye to the me that used to hang on your every word,

the girl that used to cry everytime I would hear your name because the words were the kerosene that

set my heart aflame,

self inflictions and thin paper wrists I was slit and burned,

but like a phoenix i burn and rise and return,

new and unscarthed,

goodbye to you,
this is the last poem that'll ever mention you.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Head Above The Waves

My heart was carried by the sea.
Carried swiftly through the waves that drown'dith
thee,
steady heartbeat seeping down,
trying to rescue the passion that reaps a bad sound.

Dying to reach out to something I can't see,
while still trying to keep my head above the waves.
The waves toss and turn and my heart grows fonder
the heartbeat starting to slow down and me hurting as
a simple reminder.

I needed the love to keep me afloat
but instead my heart drowned of false hope,
crying and deciding in these sea of lies
a promise that though my heart drowned
my body would stay alive.

I would never put myself in a position to give up
though without the heart that bounded me left me
to self destruct.
My head above the waves I am saved by You're strength
to lead me to land and of a better place.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Healing

The sense of wanting and holding,
of trying to reach for something and dreaming of the
impossible
drives a person completely insane.

My sense of passion and complex attraction drives a man wild
but my sense of mistrust and my way of self-destruction can
drive the nicest man away.

How do I keep faith when no one sees me
like I'm caged in I'm one glance and then they disappear.
How do hearts not love what other hearts seek.
why do looks contradict what other people think?
Why do the heartbroken people let the depression seep in
to lull them to sleep of the pain they've endured.

To save the heart of the weak,
to put true love in our hearts,
was to simply put love of God as our savior.
Realize though you ache His words can heal
and make you become the person that makes you feel.
So though you feel alone and feel like life would end
God will be there to take care of the trouble
at hand.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Her/My Reflection

I am seen as this girl that has chosen
to be the mirror in this reflection so
perfect,
but inside it's deserted but no one would notice
that the shards of the mirror pierce skin.

She sits and realizes that life comes with surprises
even when sitting being shreaded by pieces of glass,
a haunted past,
she has none,
and her family,
she has no one,
and so she's stuck with a choice of her own.

I am looking at this girl through bloodshot eyes,
yelling through the glass to not do it again,
don't make a choice and go completely mad
and put a bullet to your head.

She stares through the mirror and grins a grimace smile,
an imperfected vanity she is,
so she sits,
loveless in her bliss,
as the shards of lies cuts through her wrists.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

I Don'T Like Noise

Tears,
salty, emotional tears stream down
my cheeks as I dip myself into the water
hearing the world go silent,
and for a split second I felt the emotion of happiness...of tranquility.

I came back up,
and as I did I felt the sharp tantalizing cries of the voices,
telling me to be a figure,
telling me to be a daughter,
telling me to let it all end.

I can hear outside the bathroom door yelling
Parents going at it again,
times have changed again
by myself-I hate noise.

I look down in the tub at my feet and wiggle my toes,
to splash to I can't hear things breaking, the room shaking,
to get away from this hell that I call home.

Silence.

Nothing but the sound of the water, like I was at the bottom of the ocean.
I hold my breath and I feel myself fading away,
I hear the yelling sounding so far far away.

I feel that sense of tranquility beckoning me in again,
telling me it's okay.
I close my eyes and everything is alright.
How it should be.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

I-Love-You

I've thought of ways to confess
the ways to tell you those three little words,
but only my actions can speak,
only my devotion can please.

My fingers cannot paint on the perfect canvas of what you've done
for me,
not even tears could tell you how much you've
wiped them all away.
You've become a part of me.
My heart.

I've thought for so long what my worth truly was,
and every single day you tell me,
you scream it at me,
you write it in the sky,
reminding me of the beauty I knew I never had.

You,
would never know how those three little words could
be put so perfectly like U and I,
so secure,
so pure.

So I want to say I love you,
because it's written all over the walls,
scribbled across the most important scripts,
painted on the most beautiful paintings,
and most importantly,
it's written all over my heart.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Inspiration From The Song 'Million Dollar Houses' By Pierce The Veil

Nobody could ever hurt you,
standing highly with a bulletproof vest,
so would you ever leave me,
for somebody who could love you most?

I keep you safe here,
cradle your dreams until you awake,
because nobody can keep you
as long as I'm here.
Worth diamonds and gold,
worth diamonds and gold.

I've died a thousand times to get to you,
and you only,
because nobody could hold me still like you do,
keep me sane
keep me sane.

It's like bullet through an ocean,
i've never seen your beauty so pure,
catching and breaking so many hearts
because nobody could hold me as close as you do.
You're worth rubies and pearls,
rubies and pearls
cause I saved your memories as they replay
in my head over and over
a simple touch and to heaven you
take me,
I could never rid this feeling.

Your eyes shine so bright and full like the
sun,
ingulfing my solitude you lift me up.
Splash around me
turn the world inside out,
to fall asleep is to live a dream
to die is to awaken.

And I've told you time and time again that
your heart is mine,
continous laughing only jolts my securities.
I've died a thousand times to get to you,
and you only,
because nobody could me still like you do.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

-lone Wolf-

A predator waits within the
depths of existence,
creeping within the conscience
of safety,
it creeps with a sense of what it
wants,
the deepest way he'll crawl and suffer
with no heart of a humans,
but of pure bred wolf.

Its tongue quenches for the blood
of the innocent,
but there's only one that he craves
for.
When he sees her in his mind
is set to oblivion,
the hair all over and stands on
edge and somewhere beneath the hate
his heart was beating.

The confusion he has reverts to
anger,
as he tears through his lies to tell
her how he truly feels,
but only the yearning to kill her
intensified each time,
every breath that he took was hesitant
because something in his heart restrained
him.

The thoughts of love in his
mind was becoming so strong
and clear,
because no matter how much
he tried to shake the feeling
it kept coming here and there,
so there he sat crouched within
the abyss of his anger,
wondering why his heart beats

once more,
for such a beautiful human

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Love Ya Till Ya Die

My nails dig in deep into your skin
metal pressed into your temple, soft skin
You tempt me kind sir,
you take me as a joke and one more thing coming from you and you're dead.

See, I love you
love you to death
but your mouth
your sweet pink lips
I need to be mine
Your tongue I want severed
just so I don't have to believe another day
with hearing your inconsiderate mouth.

Sweet baby,
I appreciate you more than you know
but you don't understand the blood that
flows through these veins
You will never understand this life that I live
and with that I like the look on your face
your body trembling,
you sweating,
stop turning me on,
stop making me moan,
your mouth wide open and it molds to a gun.
I see the feeling is mutual so com on
drive a stake through this chest
make me scream till I run out of breath
drive me up the wall with a knife to my neck
cut up my walls of insanity
rip out the principles of self preservation.

Let's give the world a bloody show now shall we?
let them feel our hearts beat with anger and aggression
but feel ripple and defected when our hearts finally stop...

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Man In Flames.

We held hands with mixed emotions,
whispered words of surreptitious acts.
We sat, fingers crossed, promises hidden
within the circle of our confinement,
watching the raven call our name.

We watched the man ingulfing in fire,
running aimlessly into his lies over
and over,
dodging his truths within his reality,
battling the demons with bits and pieces of
his sanity scattered among our trail.
We began to laugh,
but the more we laughed the more he cried,
the more we shed the the more fire was fed,
his flesh now gone a new man stood forward,
his mind was now an open book,
we sat and laughed.

We shared the same hearts, beating sin in
unison,
tears streaming of our forbidden love we hid for
no one to see,
we saw the man ingulfing in flames but never said a word,
if we say we will be exposed,
but no,
we won't give up.

We stared, unnerved,
as the man walked just bone,
and cursed us that forever we will be bound to Hell's surface,
but we only laughed,
what such a man is he?
But if we say we'll be exposed,
but no,
we won't give up.

I promised to keep the words locked up,
but my fingertips traced the surface of sanity,

and unleashed this demon within me,
but to write such a thing among paper to confuse
the audience is much more 'comforting' thing as sitting
watching us read psalms written across our palms to never
get caught,
but if we say that we'll be exposed,
but no,
we won't give up.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

-not Stopping

You rock to the beat,
to the rhythm of my voice
over the phone
your moans fill my eardrums,
and I know you're begging for more.
Your hands search for the right spots to touch,
the right spots to arouse your body that's so plush.
You've been waiting and baby I'm anticipating on showing you
but right now I love the little whimpers that are escapin from those anxious lips,
desperation creeping to grab your hips,
plant kisses on your fingertips,
to send your body to complete and utter bliss.
That little face you make when I whisper your name,
or say something in a language you can't understand that drives you insane.
Babygirl, you're feenin now,
but when I get home,
I won't stop.
If you and I sing in the same harmonies,
and you feel that your body has lost it's energy,
I'll only go faster,
because I won't stop,
no not here, not now.
When I feel your body and mine finally relax,
amongst kisses tracing a trail of ecstasy and a sweat of success
I'll only hold you still and keep you close
safe from your mind
apart of my body,
and linked soul to soul

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Trigger

I pulled the trigger no one would
sit and listen,
I sent myself underground for all the
wrong reasons,
sent all my troubles underground,
spent all my time with my head down,
and I know that I'd be next on
death's list,
even though I knew deep inside I just knew
I had a life to live,
I knew no one would listen to a girl in
pain,
no one would comprehend a girl in
disdain,
am I sure that I was able to live
that life in vain?
Am I sure that love is what I wanted to expect
it to be,
why the trigger hit my brain to dash my
dreams,
he wants to be there but he can't hear me,
in death I am in the dark with everything,
but in real life I am nothing,
maybe a speck of nothingness is all I am,
but I know shutting my heart was what I
never regretted.
Maybe I'm just crazy in the head,
that all I've wished is for me to dead,
but even as I try to comprehend how I
feel,
I know that this bullet in my brain is real.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Unconditional

We could lay within a mountain of sheets
Wrapped up in between crevices of our tangled legs and feet,
We could lay chest to chest and feel the vibrations of our hearts beat,
My breath could be taken by your breath,
Your voice would be mine and echo through my veins,
Our hands could travel the routes through canyons of our thighs and soft flesh,
tongues tracing across the terrain to lead you straight to my heart
I could only lay and ache and writhe to be closer to you,
Because I don't want to miss a single second,
and none of that would ever compare to how close i want to be to you.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

War Path

Veins pulsating violently
was this moment meant to last?
Hanging close on edge by a thread while
trying to keep sane and inviting in the sad dreams,
nostalgic nightmares reoccurring
breaths quickening of bodies touching hands raising to strike the unforbidden
letting isolation destroy the world that you
called yours,
beating yourself up to feel alive,
lying to keep your blood from boiling down,
grinning at the demons and happy to make it out alive...

You hold hands with the people that you love most
yet you can't seem to own up to the promises,
can't seem to realize that inside your head you're a walking timebomb.
The world whirls around and you feel it shake, crumble, have felt all the hands
grab out to you.
You see the wounded ones that could never learn how to love
to the hearts that will never see the time of day that pull you closer,
and with the war going on in your head can you really consider yourself okay?
Can you call for help when you're left to help others?

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

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Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Weak

Control my mind with your thoughts of suicide,
left to die without self control
sheltered beings and bloody kisses fill in the walls
of my self image.
My disgusting, my well-being, and you live to let go.

You set me afoot on the pedistal of perfection,
as if you know me better with every eye judging me
having me trapped within the misery flooding my
mind.

You kept me speechless with my secrets wrapped
and taped,
raptured a heart so broken, but he was
never to blame.

So anxious to get away from the voices that
whisper,
the eyes that watch my every move,
the faith and denial that wrings my heart
stays.

You had me positioned to play anyone that I
surely wasn't going to win,
waiting for me to strike,
or go completely insane.

Now you tell me what I should do,
should I kill the noise and kill others that protest?
Or should I be the crying shoulder for everyone
around,
and hope not to be so high that I touch the ground.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins

Yours_

Your lips trace my thick hips
And i shiver,
Wondering what i taste like.

Im bounded by your stare and im left
Weak by your hands that grip my wrists to
Keep me still
'do not struggle' you say
And i dont.

Your tongue so wet leaving a path trailing
From my neck to my chest,
Tease
To my stomach and back to my hips again,
Your tongue dipping and dodging,
And i can only sit here and watch
Tortured,
Not only because of the pleasure that drives me mad
Or the control you have over all of my limbs,
But the fact that i dont know whats on that mind
Of yours,
but how i can see in your eyes how beautiful i must taste.

Elizabeth Tyease Collins