

Poetry Series

Elsa Bear
- poems -

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Elsa Bear(21/10/87)

comments are always appreciated

150th

I found something today.
i looked deep inside
and there it was.
a piece of me that was left from before,
before all the shit and tragedy,
all the tears and heartache.
i found myself and i tried to run away.
rather than face that piece, that happiness,
and find it was worthless,
or worse, that it was just waiting to leave,
like happiness had done so many times before.

Fear drove me,
fear i could taste and roll on my tongue,
fear that dripped down my throat,
slipping and sliding,
leaving me cold and confused.
but just as fear sends me screaming,
love brings me back.
and lust.
lust stops me breathing,
leaves me dizzy.
love does so many things.

Love (you) came and knocked me off my feet,
made my chest tight
and my heart ache.
but it wasn't easy,
passionate,
carnal,
emotional,
complicated and painful
but never easy.

I now know that the piece of happiness,
that little nugget of joy and contentment
is you (love) .

Elsa Bear

A Good Night Out

bleary eyed,
fuzzy headed,
mascara stains from the night before.
lipstick smudges,
crumpled clothes,
she can barely remember anything more
than smoke, and booze,
tears and laughter.
she looks in the mirror and inwardly groans.
she needs something fast
to sort the headache
brought on by bright white bathroom chrome.
toothbrushes,
hair removal cream,
tweezers by the sink.
where the neurofen?
or the aspirin?
she needs to stop and think.
another glimpse in the mirror
it certainly aint pretty
but scrubbed up it wont be so bad
splash of water,
refreshingly cold,
its 6am, she must be mad.
she sighs,
pulls the blinds
and mutters as she holds her head,
it was a good night out,
shes sure
but now its back to bed.

Elsa Bear

A Slow Journey On A Hot Bus

sitting on the bus,
bathing in the reflected sunshine,
the girl dipped in sadness sighs.
late again.
she just couldn't get up this morning.
the early sun,
peeped through half parted curtains,
warning her to wake up.
today is like every other day.
ordinary.
her life is like every other life.
ordinary.
and she hates it.
she's waiting for something amazing,
she's holding her breath for that big event.
the one that'll change everything.
perspiration trickles down her spine,
uncomfortably sticky at only 8am.
it's going to be a bad day, she can tell.
staring at the pedestrians
those too good or too poor to get the bus,
she envies them.
most look like they don't have a care in the world.
the sweaty bald man in front of her grunts loudly,
annoyed at her pounding music.
she turns it up.

Elsa Bear

A Spotless Mind

would you erase me given the chance?
would you erase every memory,
every moment,
every tear,
every smile?
would you be happier
if i was no longer in your life?
if you no longer knew my face?
my eyes which you've lost yourself in?
my lips which you've kissed so many times?
if i was just another person
of anonymous content?

Elsa Bear

A Stitch In Time

hands wrinkle before my eyes.
i turn them over,
palms facing me.
time passes quickly,
a decade in a second,
a memory in a moment.
i curl up and cry
as i wither
and die.

Elsa Bear

Baring All

Wine stained lips
Meet wine stained lips.
Bodies mingle.
Lives collide.

Blood stained hips
Meet blood stained hips.
Bodies tingle.
Lives divide.

Elsa Bear

Blurred Memories

it's 5am and i'm still awake.
you're in my head again,
invading my thoughts and stealing my peace of mind.
i'm trying to sleep but i can hear you,
your voice,
your laugh.
i can see you smiling at me,
looking at me the way you used to.
you used to smile at me so often,
across the room,
you'd smile over conversations,
a smile only for me.
and now you smile for her.
my head feels so blurry,
you stop me sleeping,
from moving on,
you keep me awake with memories.

Elsa Bear

Broken

you always promised me that things wouldn't change
and that youd love me all the same
youd be there for me when i was happy or sad
youd wipe away every tear that i cried
and i believed you
for all those promises were worth i belived youd keep them
every broken promise was another bitter tear
trailing miserably down my pale cheek
sometimes i believed that promises were made to be broken
but hearts, like childhood dreams were not
photographs torn to shreds
left like shattered truths
the ruins of what was onece viewed as a perfect childhood lay stretched out
before me
close enough to touch
yet farther then i dared to imagine
the world had turned grey
as if the earth itself had taken note that i too had turned grey
the bubble that was once my perfect exsistence had burst like the rest of them
my life was just one big trembling bubble waiting to be burst
by one of those shattered truths
for it was as a sharp as a shard of the broken mirror
that i stood and stared into
my reflection as ugly and distorted
as my life had come to be

Elsa Bear

Confusion

through the mist
and all the confusion
i see him.
he's running towards me
calling my name.
through all my doubts
he runs to be with me
he catches my hand
and points to the moon
'i'll take you there' he promises.
he leans in
sweet kisses are layed upon me
as light as butterfly wings
he moves up my neck
my cheeks
my nose
and finally my lips.
light, delicate, passionate, needed.
like star crossed lovers
we've had our problems
we've jumped our hurdles
we've made it.
but now i'm waiting for the tragedy
the thing that will shatter us.
that tiny fear creeps into my head,
into my heart.
i push it away as he takes me by the hand
and leads me through the crowd.
my step falters
hazel eyes turn to stare at me
urging me forwards.
he pulls my hand
and i never look back.

Elsa Bear

Courage

she sits at the edge,
calm and composed on the outside
but shes in a whirlwind of emotions.
stomach in iron knots,
a million butterflies
making their way into her chest.
heart pounding,
hands trembling,
palms sweating,
heady confusion fills her,
making her dizzy.
her eyes scan the sea of faces
they settle on the most important two.
there they sit,
side by side,
proud parents once more.
choking back the tears,
she slowly stands and
crosses that line,
into the spot light.
she takes a deep breath and begins,
because this is what she was born to do.

Elsa Bear

Daisies

a hot summer night,
jazz rides the sticky air
and climbs in through my window.
the music of my memories,
of summers in the park
or lying in my garden
picking daisies with my cat.
thinking back to primary school,
first crushes.
scott hill.
my best friend.
i loved him the way only a six year old can.
we spent lunch, playtime and after school together.
fast forward five years,
and theres josh brandon.
my best friend.
i loved him the way only an eleven year old can.
spin the bottle
in the year six den,
that was as far as it got.
then it was secondary shool,
bring on the angst.
i had another best friend,
but i didnt know he loved me.
so i went out with tony,
we wont talk about that.
and then there were the many james',
but for me there was only truly one.
i love him completely,
i'd crumble without him,
he's my world.

Elsa Bear

Dancing Dreams

blank pages stare back at her
a book full of them
feeling uninspired she sits by her window sill
staring at the trees, the houses, the passersby.
she opens the window to get a better look.
the wind whips her unruly black hair around her face,
her breath visible before her.
she leans out of the window
arms outstretched, fingers brushing the wind.
her skin is translucent, ethereal,
white as the snowflakes dancing in the air
her smile is slow, peaceful.
opening her eyes she looks up at the moon
at the stars
and the echo of his name calls through the night.
she is reminded that
when it thunders through the empty skies
there's no one left to hold her when the storm birds fly
no one left to care.
all she dreamed for, all she hoped for was lost.
snowflakes land on her delicate fingertips
startling her.
they begin to melt.
she turns and flies from the room,
down the stairs and into the night
to dance in the snow
to forget her misery
to create new dreams.

Elsa Bear

Dark Cloud

insanity looms,
sadness engulfs.
some days it feels like the sun has forgotten to shine,
like i'm confined to a dark cloud.
but then i see you.
the cloud lifts,
the sun shines,
and i smile again.

Elsa Bear

Dear Boy

dear boy,
i want you to kiss me again
just once,
just softly.
dear boy,
i want you to hold me again,
just once,
just softly.
hold me like you always did,
hold me like you never will,
kiss me like you'll love me a lifetime
and then,
let me leave with dignity,
with my head held high,
and my back turned so you can't see my tears.

Elsa Bear

Dreams

in a world of her own
a million miles away from home
she escapes for a while.
she soars above the mountains,
over the sea and amongst the clouds.
she feels the wind on her face,
in her hair.
she feels free.
she skims rooftops,
and glides over the people below,
living their ordinary lives,
doing their ordinary jobs.
nine to five.
ordinary, functional families
sit down to ordinary dinners,
while she looks on in wonder.
she tries to find her not so ordinary family.
but no ones home.
the house is as dark and empty as it is in life.
opening her eyes
she snaps back to reality.
she's lying in bed,
and theres no one home.

Elsa Bear

Fallen

my crown beaks
as i fall from my throne.
it shatters and scatters
as tears mingle with raindrops.
the stars cry at my downfall.
i watch the rain turn to ice
as helplessly, i cry.
i walk among the snowflakes,
cutting a lonely figure
in the shadow of the snowfall.
my innocence left behind,
cast aside.

Elsa Bear

Falling

curtains closed
candles lit
heart thumping
biro poised.
midnight whispers
sweet nothings in my ear.
words, emotions, fears
tumble onto the paper
should they rhyme?
don't have time.
candle light guides the ink,
take a break,
watch the stars,
think of him,
tears flow fast.
head throbs
heart thumps,
eyes close,
mind drifts.
i stumble blindly
in the dark.
my hand outstretched,
but i start to fall.
will he catch me?
will he just watch?
through the looking glass
i fall and fall.
a different world,
a different time.
faded denim skies,
velvet snow,
wild roses,
happy smiles.
new faces,
new places.
a white rabbit
time running out.
reality beckons,
heart wrenching stillness,

i open my eyes.
midnight shadows on the wall,
candlelight soften the sharp edges
on the other side

Elsa Bear

Final Honesty (Believe Me You Haven'T Wanted To Hear This As Much As You Thought)

lets just be friends.
those fateful words
that ruined more than they should.
said long before i broke our hearts,
but i'd lost you already.
i'd pushed you so far
that i'd lost sight of my love for you,
it was still there.
i just couldn't see it.
and then you were gone.
and my chest ached,
i almost drowned in tears,
but there was nothing i could do.
and i wanted to say it so many times.
i've wanted to talk and tell you,
but couldn't.
i've wanted to tell you i love you completely.
and i'll never have a 'him' like you.
you'll read this one day,
and shout at me the next.
but we'll still be friends.
i don't know how,
but it's what we do best.
we inspire people with our amiability.
our ability to be ok on the surface
and paint a smile over the cracks.
i want to be with you,
but you don't love me like you did, do you?
it's 2am and i'm writing at last,
i'm being honest at last,
knowing full well it will get me no further
towards happiness with you.
i wasn't the one who wanted more,
but i was selfishly thinking it.
he made me think that he did,
and he fooled me.
made me feel sad and stupid.

i was blinded and manipulated,
in some kind of sick game of revenge.
i'm banging my head against the wall
in shame of my own stupidity.
it's hot tonight,
but my life is cold and my air empty.
think what you will of me, but do it quickly
before i fade away.
this is my apologia.
my hope for redemption.
my wish, that you will read this and forgive me.
and tell me you love me completely
and have missed me.
be with me,
love me like you did,
lets start over.
or we'll keep being friends,
because it might be all we're doomed to be.

Elsa Bear

For A Friend

you see the world through cynical eyes,
because you always have.
maybe you'll never have
that happy ending,
that fairy tale we all hoped for
because you've grown up so early,
seen and done things you shouldn't have.
you've cried a thousand rivers
and bled a hundred more,
you're so terribly unaware
of the beauty you possess.
hips as sharp as those razor blades,
a smile as empty as your hope,
scars that run so deep,
damaged beyond repair.
you think we don't care
but this poem is about you.
a slave to ana
a friend to pain,
addicted to them both.
eaten on the inside
beaten on the outside
i cry for you.

Elsa Bear

For The G-Man

A soulmate's for life.
so why did we throw ours away?
we live life,
day in, day out,
alone.
looking for that perfect person,
never knowing we walked right past them
on Brent Street five minutes ago.
in congested hallways,
pushed into lockers,
falling down the stairs,
we see them.
the exes.
you and i are the same.
bitter.
friends in pain,
connecting on so many levels,
we live in denial
our motto is,
'its fine',
but it's not.
avoidance is great,
escapism is great,
if we ever actually achieve them.

Elsa Bear

Forgotten Friends

weekends fly by,
without a word, nor a whisper
from long forgotten friends.
weekdays are drawn out
by meaningless conversations,
and empty hollow laughter.
no one cares,
they never did.

Elsa Bear

Forgotten Friends....Again

adrift in a sea of doubt,
no more is it weekends that fly by,
but months.
i have finally escaped the meaningless conversation,
i have escaped all conversation.
no one cares.
they never did

Elsa Bear

Graham And Elsa

She wipes a tearful cheek
and scratches at her brown skin.
Unable to speak, she's locked herself in.
Spindly legs walk a lonely tightrope
in the middle of the city.
Not once did he ever call her pretty.

he's made so many mistakes in life,
and he'll make a thousand more,
he lost her before but this time it'll stick
inside he's become so ugly and distorted
he doesn't even recognise himself

She's let so many slip by,
losing touch of everyone.
She cracks open a Budweiser,
pain has one.
Her pearl nails are chipped and bitten,
She starts on a poem already unwritten.

he has no more excuses
no more breath to say he's sorry
no more tears to cry.
he's done so much damage
to himself and those around him,
he'll never be fine.

Elsa Bear

Grasping

with her dying breath
she grasps for reality
she gasps for purity
she find only dreams
and darkness
the world closes in
she loses her grip.

Elsa Bear

Grief

every year
for 27 years
on the day he died,
her heart skips a beat,
and then it pounds like rain.
her head spins
and she weakens
her soul,
shattered all those years ago,
was once a part of his,
half of his.

Elsa Bear

He

why does he still love her?
what did she do to deserve him?
what does he see in her?
he asks the same of her.
because of his heart.
his heart, so full of love,
just for her.
because her head fits just there,
that spot made just for her.
because he makes her laugh
when she wants to cry.
because on the darkest of her days
when the world is against her,
when all she wants is to curl up and cry
he' there.
he makes her smile,
when there's nothing to smile about.
when her life seems less than perfect,
he's there
making it whole again.

Elsa Bear

Her Choice, Her Punishment

a product of misery
she barely survived her childhood.
living on the verge of a breakdown
it takes all her energy not to cry everyday.
2am christmas morning she allows herself to cry gently.
2pm shes all on her own.
HER choice
HER heartbreak
HER private pain
HER private punishment.
she doesn't deserve happiness,
or completeness, or contentment.
self destructive, cynical, lonely, bitter.
they describe her perfectly.
guilty.
it eats her up inside.
she's let so many people down
her pride gets in the way
her stubbornness blinds her.
she's lost in the dark and can't find the light
she's falling through the dark and can't slow down.

a mother she wants to know and love
but doesn't know how.
a father she loves and protects
but can't see the flaws.
a brother she barely knows
who doesn't have the time for her.
a boyfriend she doesn't deserve
but can't let him in.
friends she can't care about
until she cares about herself.
two homes she can't call home
until she decides where she lives.
a family she's destroyed
by telling the truth.
a life she can't live
because she'd be living a lie.

Her Home

photos line her walls
posters, pictures, postcards
torn, ripped, cut, stuck.
finally it feels like home.
she lays on her bed, takes a deep breath
and cries.
home?
what is it? where is it?
poems, songs and stories
sing through her broken mind
words, lyrics and melodies
whisper from her berry stained lips
misery, pain and tears
echo through her soul.
her body is tired
her mind is fractured
her heart is broken.
tell her you care.
tell her you love her.
don't say it post script
don't say it in a letter,
or a postcard.
say it to her face
hold her
dry her tears
stroke her hair
but don't hurt her again.
she's still so young.
fragile.
a child.
memories line her walls.
she tries to look to the future
but is stuck questioning the past.

Elsa Bear

History

an empty attic
haunted memories
echos of the past
cobwebs of misery lace the walls
whispers of a time left behind
a time forgotten
shadows of history
dance along the walls
the dusty floorboards creak
with the weight of those haunted memories.

Elsa Bear

Hold Me In The Morning

stand with me on a mountain
dance with me in the rain
hold me in the morning
make me forget my pain.
laugh with me in an airport
lay in bed with me all day
hold me in the darkness
kiss my loneliness away.

Elsa Bear

How Was Your Day?

i call you at midnight
to cry down the phone
to moan about my pathetic life
i dont even ask how your day was.
i fear the magic roundabout music
revolves around your head
as you stare blankly at the tv
your mind devoid of any thought.
i know you care
but i can't believe someone could love me,
someone would stay awake to hear me cry.
i can't tell you these things to your face
no matter how much i want to
i can't express just how much i love you,
how ridiculously i love you
how completely i love you.
i hope you know that,
no matter how fed up i am of everything else
i'll never be fed up with you.
i'm not afraid to be me
when i'm with you.
you've loved me so long,
i can't figure out why
and i'll never ask
in case you realise that i've been right all along
that you're too good for me
and that i don't deserve you.
one day i'll let you know all of it
the tragedy,
the pain,
the grief,
the heartache.
the moment will come
and i'll keep you up all night
with my incessant babbling.
maybe you'll tire of it,
and maybe you'll jump on that magic roundabout
i'll just have to trust that you won't.

I Got You Babe

your drowning in past regrets
bitter about what you can't change,
chasing a girl just out of you reach.
your sensitivity and advice
helps everyone but you.

You're consumed in delusion
Grasping for straws
Something to help close open doors
But your sweet want for intrusion
Is all down to sad confusion
And a boy that wants to have is cake
And eat it late

hiding behind at home hair cuts
just giving yourself something to do
to not focus on life.
take a minute to wake up to reality,
we've all had bad times,
and bad hair,
but you'll be ok.

You're hiding in the house
Trying to avoid them
You're as envious as your beautiful jade eyes
And that comes as no surprise
But I understand
So take my hand
And step into the sunrise
Everything will be ok.

Elsa Bear

I Have Felt Sadness

i have felt many kinds of sadness
my world has fallen apart time and time again,
i have felt the standard issue sadness
that comes with being a teenager,
that wonderful things called angst.
i have felt that sadness associated with losing both parents
to a terrible accident called divorce,
that's the sadness that rips you in two,
clouds your mind and numbs you to happiness for the longest time.
i have felt the sadness that hits you in waves,
causing you to shudder and draw breath involuntarily.
i have felt that inexplicable sadness that hits you around 2am,
when the silence of night fills you
yet leaves you feeling empty at the same time.
i have felt that numb sadness that strides hand in hand with grief
infecting others like a terrible disease.
i have suffered a broken heart,
a sadness we'll all endure,
the silent scream,
the message in a bottle,
the engulfing sadness that confines you to your pyjamas
and never quite goes away.
i have felt that sadness that gets bottled up
for so long you don't know whether to scream or laugh.
i have felt and endured theses sadnesses,
i have counted my tears,
and i'm still here.

Elsa Bear

I Teach Myself

sitting, staring,
dreaming of tomorrow,
dreaming of the moon.
as the stars fall from grace
i begin to wish for a new me
i try to teach myself to smile,
like you do,
to love,
like you do.

Elsa Bear

I Wish

it was all my fault,
i broke my heart as well as his
i hurt as much as he did.
three times.
three times i did it because i didnt know.
i didnt know i loved him.
i didnt know i cared so much,
i'd hurt so much, i'd cry so much.
it really was a scene from a movie
the scene that breaks your heart,
the scene that makes you cry,
the scene that shouldn't have happened.
we're friends. i think.
i miss him. i think.
he misses me? maybe.
i wish.
i can't tell.
i can't take back what i did and said.
i wish i could.7 months ago i was happy.
we were happy. i wish we still were.
i wish i could take back the birthday i missed,
the anniversary i missed,
i kisses i missed,
the cuddles i missed,
the happiness i missed,
i wish.

Elsa Bear

If I Left

if i left now
would your heart break?
would it mend again?
if i left now
would you miss me?
would i miss you?
if i left now
would you be ok?
would we be ok?
if you left now
i'd never recover

Elsa Bear

Jumbled Verses In My Head

waiting on another false hope.
another empty promise.
sitting for eternity,
watching the stars fall,
waiting for you.
because as long as you need me
i'll be waiting.

screaming,
hyperventilating,
shuddering,
trembling.
my fault,
your fault,
cryptic smiles,
confusing messages.

17 years
of procrastinating.
of hoping
of dreaming
of crying
of screaming
of loving
and losing
of waiting
and choosing.

i want to kiss you forever more
i want to love you all my life.
can't you hear my heart?
can't you hear it break?
i was made to love you
Stevie Wonder says you feel the same.
the world is so perfect
when you and i are together.
my life doesn't seem such a waste

so many thoughts colliding,

collecting,
i'm pouring my heart out.
it may be jumbled
it may not make sense
but that's ok.
it's ok because we make sense.

Elsa Bear

Listen

i hope you know how much and how completely i love you
if you do not, i shall tell you, show you and whisper it to you every day
with every look
every laugh
every smile
every thought
every breath
every memory.
every morning tangled in sheets
and every evening tangled in sheets.
after every fight
row
tiff
argument.
in the middle of the night when you are snuffling,
snoring quietly,
grinding your teeth
and muttering.
i will call you when we are far away from each other,
email you,
text you.
when i am feeling low,
or happy,
or indifferent.
when you are feeling low, happy or indifferent.
i will show you, tell you, whisper it to you.

Elsa Bear

Lonely Waters

That's water under the bridge now,
collecting stones and fish.
tumbling through weeds,
disturbing muddy banks.
low key harmonies ring through the air,
a womans sultry needs.
sweltering heat pushes at her skin,
already slick with moisture.
shes alone in a post modern forest,
waiting for his twin.
the breeze drifts by,
silently caressing her face,
she starts to cry.
he wears a guilty grin.
he tears are heavy with regret,
she lays her head against cool stone.
the trees sway with delicate pause,
the water passes by like the ability to forget

Elsa Bear

Love Song

compiling a playlist
of love songs so sweet.
ipod shuffle reminds me of you.
floating like a cannonball
down a stream of acoustic melodies.
a violin climax
a chorus of voices
singing a song for me,
for us.

you treat me like a princess,
i'm falling for you
head over a feet.
best friend with benefits,
as alanis once sang
in that dulcet voice
accompanied by lyrical perfection.
listening to the melody,
lost in the music,
a jazz rift,
a piano and a saxophone,
i close my eyes and think of you.

lying next to you,
listening for the sounds of your breath.
our hearts beating together.

Elsa Bear

Memories

the happy days were all just a dream
something to remember with a smile,
a thousand years ago it seemed.
i remember us together, walking hand in hand
all that's left of yesterday
is a tired memory of a faraway land.
a faraway time
old photos, old letters
an old song in my head with words that don't rhyme.
my heart remains broken,
my soul left in pieces
by cruel words never before spoken.
you left me mum, you didn't say goodbye,
you made me confused,
you made me cry
ten oceans of tears
for the girl all alone
the girl constantly in living in fear
that you'll never come home.

Elsa Bear

Mine And Yours

intoxication,
obsession,
passion,
lust,
mine,
yours,
ours,
my story,
your story,
our story,
love.

Elsa Bear

Morning

sunshine peeps through the curtains,
lying side by side,
gently holding hands,
our legs entangled in the sheets
bodies intertwined.
i awake before you
and watch you for a moment.
so peacefully you lie there,
beathing softly,
your heart beating in time with mine.
you sleep on,
unaware of how much i love you,
how much i need you.
all night we stayed up talking,
laughing,
amongst other things.
i fell asleep on your chest,
clinging to you,
as if you were my last hope.
your hands lovingly stroked my back
as i drifted into a dreamworld.
wiping the sleep from your eyes,
you mumble a good morning,
and you slowly pull me closer.
you give me a sleepy smile
and tell me you love me.
and the sun shines brighter,
the birds sing sweeter,
and the world is ok.

Elsa Bear

Mushy Rice

what did he just say?
did he just say he loves me?
i almost choke on my muller rice.
it goes all over my chin and my jumper.
i freak.
does he expect me to say it back?
of course i love him.
why wouldn't i?
but can i say it?
the world stands still,
it's just me, him and this bench.
and my muller rice.
he gives me a look,
a look so full of unexpressed emotions.
he thinks i won't say it,
he thinks i don't love him.
'well thats good cos i love you too'
i say.
my mouth full of mushy cold rice.
not quite as romantic as i thought.
but i'm smiling the way i thought i would.
i'm giggling the way i thought i would.
i ache with happiness
because i love you
and you love me
and you don't care that i'm covered in muller rice.

Elsa Bear

My Future

me and you
against the world.
that's the way it's always been
you keep my sane,
you keep me happy,
you keep my head above the water,
always telling me to keep my chin up.

the moment i heard stevie wonder i knew,
it was you and me forever.
'cos i luv you,
i just like the things you do,
dont you change the things you do'
the violins play,
i smile.
music means so much,
memories play like a home movie,
frozen stills of happy times,
of smiles and jokes, of tears and heartache,
of you and me. together.

my cynicism has evaporated,
my heart is full of happiness,
i hate to sound cheesy
but i want to spend my life with you,
i want to grow old with you,
i want to be happy with you,

you are my past present and future.
i want to wake up with you every morning,
not just every sunday,
i want your smile to be the first thing i see
and the last.

Elsa Bear

My Life

i want to be loved
i want to be held.
i want to feel good
and i want to do well.
i want to eat food
and not worry tomorrow.
i want to have money
and not beg steal and borrow.
i want to hold hands
with my boyfriend, james
i wouldn't change him for the world
but i'd like to change names.
i'd like to be someone new
someone fun and exciting
i'd like to be happy
and for my family to stop fighting.
i'd like a nice christmas
and for santa claus to be real
i'd ask for a pony, and an elephant
and for me not to feel
so lonely and empty
and mixed up insde.
but i don't want pity
i just want to hide.
from all the pain and the sadness
and the shit that ive felt
i'd like to change lives
change the hand i've been dealt
but i can't so i won't,
i'll make do with what i've got
i'll keep sleeping a few hours a night
whether i like it or not.
i'll keep hating my mum for leaving me alone
i'll keep resenting my dad's drinking
for making mum leave home
this poem's too long
so i'll stop typing now
so long and farewell
i'll try and survive xmas, god knows how.

you'll hear from me soon
don't worry about that
said the girl to her audience
as she tips her hat.

Elsa Bear

My World

i find you on the balcony,
staring into the sky,
lost amongst the stars.
you're far away,
where are you?
'in a world that's disappearing'
how do i bring you back,
to my world?
to the world where i love you so much,
to a world where there's only me and you,
because i've waited all my life to feel like this,
all my life to be with you,
you are my world.

Elsa Bear

Narrowminded Ego

Why should I change and rearrange what's on the surface
When you won't even begin
to look outside your range?
I'm sick of painting two dimensional characters,
Drowning myself in redirection's stained waters.

our conversations are peppered with subtext,
but i struggle to read between the lines.
you always had me pegged as so like you
but look closer and you'll see
i have more layers than you'll ever know

You hide yourself in locked doors
and shadowed halls,
Glossing over my apparent flaws
with such desperation.
Would you rather I settle upon
bloody satisfaction
Hammering the nails of our love into my shins?

i adored you once,
you made my heart ache
before i saw the real you.
your heart is wrapped in stone,
you'll never let me in
you think i'll take up too much room
and there'll be none left for your ego

Elsa Bear

Ode To A Jummy (Funny Stuff)

james.

what can i say about james?

his hair is as golden as a lions mane,

his eyes as deep and commanding as the ocean,

i lose myself in them,

i drown in his love.

his clothes are black,

unlike his heart.

his heart is bursting with love and emotions,

they shine through,

like the sun through the clouds.

james,

his name is the poetry of my soul

sometimes he's called jummy

sometimes jam

always sweet

but never sticky.

i like jam sandwiches.

james,

his deep booming voice

resonates to the bottom of my heart.

i melt at the sound of it

i become jellified,

and puddle like,

i dissolve into baked bean juice.

james,

the morning sun reflects

on his golden mane,

as it streams

through the window pane,

he is a vision so perfect,

it brings a tear of joy to my eye,

for i do love fresh jam in the morning.

james,

the wind whispers his name

through the night,
reminding me that
our love will last
til the stars turn cold,

james,
today started so badly,
but then i had a jam sandwich
and my world brightened once more.

james,
my modern knight in shining armour,
he rode into my life on his white steed,
and swept me off my feet
into his arms,
into his heart.

james,
my rock,
my love lion,
my...dare i say it? finace,
i love you like no one has loved before,
i love you like a fat kid loves cake,
i love you like i love cake.

james,
your love gun shot straight to my heart,
and had the same effect as cupid's arrow;
leaving me all warm and fuzzy,
full to the brim with lovely stuff.

james,
you are my security blanket,
i wrap myself in your love,
holding it safe and warm,
clinging to it as if it were my last hope.

james,
your beauty is truly a sight to behold,
my breath catches at the sight of you,
my heart thunders,
my pulse races,

my knees wobble,
you're just...so sexy.

james,
what can i say about james?
i see him striding,
gallantly accross a meadow,
bathed in sunlight,
in his snug snug jeans,
making his arse the best thing
since sliced bread.
how can mere denim hold such a wonder?
and those thighs,
....phwoar!

Elsa Bear

Ode To A Tashi

I knew a fellow once,
His name was Mintcrusher Newman,
He stood as tall as 3 oaks,
And as handsome as a fox,
With hair the colour of our burning desire for one another.

I was a young lass then,
Fresh as 4 daisies
Pretty as a picture painted by a squirrel,
But my heaving basoomas gave my game away.
The whole village knew of my love,
My love for one man and one man only,
The swashbuckling pirate named Mintcrusher Newman.

He sailed into my life, on a wave of passion
Crashing onto my beach,
With eyes as blue as the ocean he loved,
I was swept away by this towering vision of manliness.
Days and nights spent loving and laughing,
He kissed away my fears.
Such passion, such desire,
I have never felt more alive then in his strong arms,
His warm embrace,
His burning loins.

As I ran my hands
Through that disheveled mass of auburn curls
And stroked his strong, hairy chest
I become lost in love.
I had never known love could feel like this,
That my eyes could shine with such wondrous light,
I loved him with abandon,
I was enraptured,
Enamored,
But alas! I could not know that soon my love and i would part,
That the sands of time were doomed to wrench us apart.

His ship came to harbour that very morning,
He was forced to leave me,

I cried a thousand tears,
He kissed them all away,
But he departed,
Leaving me to grieve his absence.

My soul wrenched in two,
My heart in twain,
I could only sing bittersweet tales of lost love
And tragic romance,
of Romeo and Juliet,
Hamlet and Ophelia,
Othello and Desdemona,
Sienna and Jude,
To the fathomless ocean that had claimed my love,
Praying my archaic lover would return
Knowing he never would.

There was no Tashka without and Elska
And no Elska without a Tash, once upon a time
But no more.

Elsa Bear

Ode To Jammy

i find myself unable to write anymore
my pain is almost evaporated
because you love me.
i write from my pain,
from the depths of my past,
i write with honesty that i sometimes can't show.
i hope that you read and understand me better,
my emptiness,
the loneliness you've almost cured.
i'll always want my parents back
i'll always resent the ways in which they've crippled me,
and i'll always hate the brown house,
simply because it isn't home,
but some how it all seems so trivial and meaningless
when i'm with you.
but then,
after a long goodbye,
you're gone
and 12 hours of loneliness follows
and i sit
and wallow
and lament over your absence.
our picture on my wall
makes me smile at the happiness in the mountains,
when there were no worries,
no stress,
nothing,
but you,
me,
and el beardo.

Elsa Bear

Ooh Shoobee Doobee Ooh

nursing a beer,
and a headache.
choking and smoking.
how clever, i rhymed.
at 3am
i'm listening to jazz
staring at this screen.
so tired,
(yawn)
so bored,
(yawn)
but i can't go to bed.
too many thoughts running through my mind,
wreaking havoc in my brain.
i'm shoobee doobee-ing all over the place,
a constant saxophone blaring in my ear.
maybe i should stop listening to jazz,
the neighbours will complain.
maybe i'll turn it up.
'people will say we're in love'
how convenient,
how coincidental,
how ironic,
and other clever words like that.
swaying in time to the melody,
i close my eyes and pretend you're here,
listening to this song,
sharing my warm, unappealing beer,
enjoying the jazz,
taking my mind off those havoc wreaking thoughts,
at 3am.

Elsa Bear

Poem From Bed

stars in my bed
tears on my pillow
rainbows above our heads
not tired.
not really.
a sleepy haziness steals over me
but i could spend years,
decades,
awake with you.

Elsa Bear

Q & A

what is it you want from me?
you want me to fret and cry?
to scream and shout?
or to tell you it's ok?

I want the San Francisco Sun
I want you to pour me Perrier
I want us to shout as one
Let's just share

it's easier for me to leave
then listen to your riddles.
i want our hearts to meld again
to be one again, don't you?

As much as I want the summer,
The rain seems to consume her.
Our hearts are still together to a certain degree-
But its time to move on, that's plain to see.

Elsa Bear

Rainfall

sometimes i think i am the same.
with raindrops and waterfalls
ripples and splashes,
relections alter.

Elsa Bear

Rockin' Party

we've been drinking for years,
i've been drunk for days.
drowning out teenage angst,
forgetting.
a semi orgy in that park pretty garden,
smoking, shots of Sambuka,
vodka, weed, beer,
awkward conversations (best avoided) ,
music in all rooms,
i join the sticky throng,
that lay on the grass (ignoring the slugs)
skin glistening,
smiles wide and honest,
eyes wild and unfocused.
i take time out for myself,
but there was nowhere to be on my own.
i didn't sleep, i couldn't.
we all stumbled into the sunrise,
blinking rapidly,
smiling sleepily
and we went our separate ways.

Elsa Bear

Sleeping

i'm sleeping through life,
dragging my feet,
with half closed eyes
and half formed thoughts,
dreams,
emotions.

Elsa Bear

Stepping Into Gotham

in the murky depths
of a retiring old city,
lurks something sinister.
something to be feared.
darkly directed
by a haunting genius,
he creates dark alleys,
brings to life a neomonolithic
nineteen twenties gothic chic city
with a hint of sex and black magic.
an inner self revealed
to an unsuspecting public
a cave full of secrets,
a hero of comic book proportions
itching to save the day.
gothic highlights layer
a snowy graveyard,
visited by a creature who was
propelled upwards from the sewer
to face a world never known.

Elsa Bear

Sticky Skin

sticky skin
smells sweetly of the night before.
a sultry summer night,
spent in a garden,
standing on my own,
in a heady daze.
licking warm honey
from my fingers,
wiping cheap wine from my mouth
and smiling sadly.

Elsa Bear

Straight From The Bottle

drinking cheap red wine,
straight from the bottle.
listening to the music,
avoiding difficult conversations,
waiting for the sun to rise.

Elsa Bear

The Infinite Abyss

a long kiss
in the warm rain
standing at the edge
of an infinite abyss
we strain to see the bottom

Elsa Bear

The Last Weekend

a midnight blanket above their heads
lying on the grass in a stagnant silence
listening to each other breathing
reveling in their mistakes
they comfort each other
with a few kind words,
but they both know they'll make more

with palms wet from the dew
they sprawl on the floor
dawn breaks open a new morning
like the sound of fresh farm eggs cracked
she lies their quietly yawning
anticipating the golden syrup shore
the beach where they made their pact

stretching and standing
watching and waiting
for the day to unfold.
that golden syrup shore looks different in the light
so do those mistakes.
fleeting glances at the rapidly disappearing horizon,
leaning back on the leather interior,
basking in the warm sunlight
that trickles down their skin like warm honey

the silence that consumes them;
is now pregnant with emotions held back-
opportunities missed ebb and flow out of sight.
with faces and gestures in full view,
the boy slips back into a time so blue.
the hours pass and soon the day has slipped away.
the moon shines out like an effigy,
he has never seen her look so pretty;
as he breaths in the nights unrequited air,
she wonders why he must leave for the city

is he thinking the same?
does he know the heart wrenching sadness that will fill her once he's gone?

the lonely days and nights spent wishing
and aching for him to be home.
the hours spent walking,
going nowhere in particular,
just walking.
walking to fill the time
and fill the space in her heart that will be left.
the neon appeal of the city calls to him.

he turns to her and beckons.
taking her in his arms-
he looks through her.
he can see the downfall behind her pupils-
it's been the same ever since those pills.
passionately making love below the window sill;
he strokes his fingers through her fiery hair,
convulsing and sweating they tear at each others skin.
he whispers his love for her
and climaxes deep within.

trembling and crying,
she knows it was the last time.
post coital tears and fears consume her.
a burning love within,
shes losing her soulmate.
gasping for beath, drowning in tears
she shudders as he holds her for the last time.
packing his bags, wiping his eyes
she begs him to stay but he can't.
she's inconsolable.
he's gone.

-a joint effort, thankies graham <3-

Elsa Bear

The Obligatory Mushy One

if i knew our last kiss would be our last
i never would have stopped.
i would have savoured the taste of your lips,
i would have remembered every detail of your face,
and the feel of your hair
as it fell through my fingers.
if i knew our last hug would be our last,
i never would have let go.
i would have kept my head
just where it fit.
i would have stayed in that warm embrace
and never let the space between us
get too big.
if i knew our last goodbye would be our last
i would have stayed in that moment
forever,
freezing that perfect second
when we were still a 'we'
when you and i were an 'us'
and our hearts were still whole.

Elsa Bear

Too Many Movies

i step into this technicolour dreamworld
unknowing, full of questions.
brightly painted flowers
surround me.
faded denim skies and,
cotton wool clouds above me.
a hot air baloon
with room for one more awaits me.
the sun beats down,
baking the path that lays before me.
following that brick road
to whatever lies beyond,
my ruby shoes guide me
to that tortured city
on the emerald horizon.

Elsa Bear

Tragedy

tragedy follows her
like an old friend.
it whispers her sins in her ear
reminding her of how good things used to be
and how she ruined them.
lingering like a shadow
it helps her leave a trail
of heartbreak and pain in her wake.
it spreads fear and doubt
through her frail old soul,
her thoughts plagued with bad memories,
sad memories,
her past.
as she sits all alone
her mind unravels and drifts like silk
to the floor.
she collects the discarded pieces of her heart
as they turn to ash
and fall through her fingers.

Elsa Bear

Tsunami

the loneliness never goes away
and there is always a sense of despair that accompanies it.
hand in hand they swim up to the surface
and linger just below
biding their time,
creating ripples in my veneer,
waiting for the darkest, lowest moments
the perfect time to break through
when i am alone and most vulnerable
when my heart beat is the only sound
and then i am engulfed.

Elsa Bear

Untitled And Unfinished

the bitter alcohol does it's job.
smoothing out my wrinkled conscience,
becoming an elixir of self justification,
making me forget.
and though it is the source of all my problems
it intrigues me,
the way it changes people,
alters perceptions, judgements, feelings,
brings out the worse,
brings out the truth.

Elsa Bear

Will You Forgive Me?

forgive me if i cry,
forgive me if i don't.
forgive me for loving you,
forgive me for not loving you enough.
forgive me for not quite believing that you're here,
forgive me for wishing you weren't.
forgive me for wanting you,
forgive me for wanting someone else.
forgive me for being in pain,
forgive me for causing it.
forgive me for that broken heart,
forgive me for not putting it back together.
forgive me for all the mistakes,
forgive me.
forgive me for not being strong enough,
forgive me for thinking that you were.
forgive me for leaving,
forgive me for coming back.
forgive me for the little things
and the big ones.

Elsa Bear

Worrier

i worry that you think of her
when you're with me
or without me.
i worry she's on your mind
i worry you compare us
i worry that you'll choose her
because she was your first.
i'm scared she's what you want
and that it was never really me.

Elsa Bear

Writing

writing is a way of coping.
it's easier to have characters,
maybe models of yourself,
who say things you can't say yourself
you can have things worked out
the way you never do in real life.

Elsa Bear

You And She

you used to be so different.
when did i lose sight of who you are?
when did you stop being you
and start being what i always wanted you to be?

its too late now for you to make amends
its too late for us to try again.
now you're my friend and thats all you'll ever be.
She's in your life and She'll be what finally tears us apart.

i lost you so long ago, but kept you around
because i love you.
you stayed with me through it all,
no matter what i did or said, you loved me all the same.

i did it to save us, and to save you
i wanted to take it back but couldn't
because there She was, and you were smiling again.
i hurt you so many times.

but now She's here and you've finally moved on.
finally broken away from the vicious cycle we were in.
i see you smile and sometimes laugh.
i see you hold hands and sometimes kiss

and i ache.

and i wish that it was me you were holding.
and it was me that you were kissing.
and me that you were loving the way you used to.

and i can't help wishing
that you were as alone as me
so that i could tell you this
without worrying that She'd be there.

Elsa Bear