

Poetry Series

K. E. C.
- poems -

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K. E. C.()

Burning Bridges

And she finally did it,
she dropped the last match
to burn the last bridge;
no more pain from her past
could come back-
she walked the dirt path and smiled;
finally the future actually belonged to her.

K. E. C.

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Contract

You were supposed to be
Proof that love truly didn't exist.
That fairytales and happy endings
were completely unrealistic.

You were supposed to be
The typical that I'd been with before. It's just this time, I knew for certain there'd
be no 'more.'

Here I stand now, heart no longer inscribed with 'never open.' Giving you all of
me, mind, body and soul.

You were supposed to be less than you've become.
You were not supposed to be the soul that mine calls home.

You were supposed to be
Nothing but a summer fling
Here I stand now, wondering what the hell I was even thinking! ?

K. E. C.

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Epiphany

What if I 'wake up'
And the people that believed
Are the ones that will walk away.

What if in waking up
They lose sight of me
What if I lose sight of me

They want me to have
An epiphany; but I am so
Afraid of getting lost
In the lines of arrogance and
Society.

K. E. C.

Last Dance

Hello old friend, I came to dance with you again,
Come play in the shadows, where no one will see,
You can dance any way you would like
You don't have to hide the scars
You can experience what it feels like to be free

Take my hand, we can use the last of this light
We can make believe, and pretend like you are going to be alright.

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Letting Go

Letting go of you
Is letting a piece of me live in complete nothingness
I'll never know
I'll always wonder
Could she have changed
Even after all the years
Did I let it die too soon?
Was I unfair?
Letting go of you,
Is not letting go at all
It's just shutting you out
In hopes that one day
it just becomes numb enough
So I can finally live without the pain

K. E. C.

Midnight Words

The words don't come during the day
for that's when all the thoughts are the most at bay.

They come at the ungodliest of hours,
with the most tired eyes-
with the most raw but lonely and longing heart.

The truth comes out at midnight
when the silence of the world around,
is the most peaceful thing I have heard all day
there are only sounds windows rattling from the wind,
even that seems eerily calming
with not a whisper of life to darken the room
Just my unkempt messy soul,
knowing this is truly when it can break free from the barriers of society.
My cluttered mind,
releasing the words that anxiety kept locked inside my head.

Yes midnight is my time- just me, my truth, and I

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More Than

She is more than a survivor

She's more than a fighter

That girl has come through hell and back and still battles her demons everyday,

Yet as best she can,

She remains as bright as the full moon on a cloudless night -

Illuminating all that lays on her path,

No,

She's not a fighter, she's not a survivor she's a fucking warrior, a brilliant
illuminant light in even the darkest of midnight hours

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New Ways To Shed

I stopped.
I let it go.
I learned to hide the hurt more.
I take a pill to feel in control,
I eat less to show who's the boss
Less visible than scars on wrists,
Easier to hide than tear stained eyes

I stopped,
Or so you thought,
I quit hurting myself
Is what you need to believe
But when I look in the mirror each morning
I am still not at all guilt free

I do not show the scars
But they are still there
I just decided,
Physical scars are too easy to bare

There are no more questions
No more lies under sleeves
It's just now,
'Oh, I forgot to eat.'

I stopped
I let it go
Or so I would have you believe

You won't ever understand
The battles that rage on
Inside of me.

I stopped.
Is what you see.

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Once Upon A Time

Her baby blue eyes have lost their spark
Her once gentle hands,
Now cut her arms,
Her once open heart
Is almost nothing but scars
Her once vibrant mind
Now nothing but darkness
She drives down the road
Sometimes hoping this will be last time
This will be last wind
This will be the day her soul finds peace
That she can finally just be.

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Perception

He chooses his words wisely
We call it the honeymoon
You call it love

He pushes you around
We call it abuse
You call it 'I was in the way'

He punches you
We still call it abuse
You call it 'It was only that one time'

He apologizes with flowers and 'tears'
We call that the cycle
You call it forgiveness

He hits you, worse this time
We call it abuse, Still
You call it 'It will stop'

He stabs you, repeatedly
WE call it domestic homicide
You call it...
You can't now.. you are no longer breathing
He stole from you, your worth
Your love
Your everything
He left you lifeless on the floor,
We held on for you, we tried to pull you away
You continued to return,
A syndrome we said..

He lives on
Finds a new victim
You watch above
wishing if only you had spoken up.

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Porcelain

It sat there untouched,
The most beautiful porcelain doll you'd ever see.
The pretty blue eyes,
The smile so tiny and sweet.

In rolled the storm,
No one saw it coming
It destroyed all in its path,
But it got the doll the most.

Cracked, and chipped,
She'd sit there on that shelf for 23 years
before someone gentle enough chose to fix her up.

Slowly piece by piece
The cracks become faded
The hair un-matted,
The dirt from that day,
Gets softly washed away.

There's a beautiful doll,
She sits upon a shelf,
She's got cracks, and flaws,
But she's probably still
The most beautiful damn thing you're eyes will ever meet.

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Power

She grabbed the monster by the throat;
How does it feel to not be able to speak?
I am in control,
I am going to speak now, and I am going to speak loud
You will not hold your fist around my throat ever again
You will never stifle my voice
You will never tell me I am worthless, unloveable, or unwanted
I won't bite my tongue for fear of you hurting my soul any longer

I am free. Do you hear me? I. Am. Free.

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Safety

I felt the urge,
I felt the demon sliding her hands up through my body again
She cupped my heart in her hands,
Then she clenched her fist around
Nearly taking the life from me
I closed my eyes
and I felt your breath
I closed my eyes,
and I felt you wrap me up
I felt the safety come back momentarily
She feared you and slithered back into the darkness
I trusted you
and I finally let my body rest
so I could awaken
fight her again tomorrow on my own
all the while knowing now
I am not alone.

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'Self' Inflicted Wounds

The evil side of me
Likes to watch me bleed
She whispers dark thoughts
And creates wars inside my soul
She never lets me sleep
And often makes me cry
So, to escape,
Sometimes I think of ways to die.

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She's Glass

Showered, dressed
Ready to go
Make-up, smiling
Hair in a bow

She'd have you think
She's got it all together
Looking from the outside,
You'd have to agree
It's the best fake smile you might ever see.

When you look a little deeper,
You'll see the storm within

She's got secrets,
She's got scars,
She's got stories to be told
But, if she can help it,
You'll never see her fold

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The Deep End

He reaches for my hand
The promise of freedom
He grips my mind
And refuses now to let go
He stifled my voice
He dulled my light
He's convinced me I'm crazy
He climbed into my body
And he took all control
Hands shaking
No words to scream
'Help'
I'm silently suffocating
Breathless
Restless
I can't escape
He climbed inside me
And he's got the power
I've lost the end of him
And I can't find the beginning of me.
I'm lost
I'm drowning
Weak at the knees,
Unable to breathe
It lasts only seconds
He's my monster....
but they call him
'Anxiety'

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Untitled (1)

And after being ashamed of being broken
for so long; he came along
and taught me how to love each and every piece.

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