

Poetry Series

**Kristina Jones**  
**- poems -**

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## Kristina Jones()

Hi I'm Krissy,22, Welsh rock chick, a writer whose favourite poets include Christina Rossetti, Charles Causley, Robert Frost and William Wordsworth; I read a wide variety of literature and hope to become a novelist one day. Besides literature, my hobbies and passions include rock music, tattoos, festivals, animal rights and partying! I would be extremely grateful to anyone who could comment on my poems please x

# Broken Girl

Alone, even in a room full of people  
Like a ghost-girl;  
The dead amongst living.

Surrounded by her family, and those she calls friends  
She's scared of every one of them, and feels hate  
For the way they smile, pretend everything's okay  
Well, it's not okay, she wants to scream, you were there for me too late!

She longs to escape from this pretence  
The mask she wears, the character she plays  
Her life is a theatre, acting out rehearsed lines  
To pass the monotony of her empty days.

Because of him, she feels no pleasure  
Can't take joy in the warmth of the sun  
All the flowers and animals she once loved  
She now hates, for what he has done.

Why her? She once so loved the world  
And he took all the passion from her heart  
She's robotic, unfeeling, so afraid if she cares  
Someone she trusts will again rip her apart.

She can never forgive and never forget  
The scars a constant reminder of the pain  
When her innocence was torn away from her  
Body abused, pleas scorned with disdain.

Mutilated by petrol and flames  
By the stench of her own charred flesh asphyxiated  
And his sick laughter drilling into her ears  
As she lies on the floor, humiliated.

Rope slicing into the skin on her wrists  
Drowning in a cascade of salty tears  
Spreadeagled on a bed, degraded like a whore  
Him towering over her, mouth spread in evil leers.

No matter how much she washes and scrubs  
Her body feels impure, tainted with sin  
She can still feel those grubby hands on her flesh  
Groping, ripping and burrowing in.

And the knife remains in her nightmares  
The blade used to carve open her body  
Her arms and throat, prepubescent breasts  
Her screams, to him, a sweet melody.

She still can't sleep with the door closed  
Claustrophobic from all the hours, days, weeks  
He imprisoned her in a secret den of torture  
Using her body for sexual thrill peaks.

Sadistic excitement from seeing her blood  
And the whip-weals on what once was pure  
Her pain, to him, an aphrodisiac  
To his insecurities, dominance the cure.

But she doesn't care for the problems he had  
In her mind, he's destroyed her soul  
Taking away what she once had  
Tarring what was innocent and whole.

She weeps over lost rainbows  
All the hope and dreams he destroyed  
It seems that nothing in her life  
Can ever fill that void.

At night, every shadow to her is him  
Coming back to harm her again  
To grip her throat, to force her down  
Decorate the bedroom floor with bloodstain.

Her mother still goes to visit him  
In the prison where he's iron-clad  
But the girl he has broken will never again  
Refer to him as her dad.

(I would like to point out that this poem is not a personal experience! Although thank you for the supporting messages I recieved from readers who believed that

was the case!)

Kristina Jones

# Junkie Girl

She's frightened now.

She's snapped all her needles and sits all alone  
Rocking and sweating, her eyes fixed on the phone  
A decision to make; which person to call?  
Knowing - either way - this could be the end of it all.

Should she ring her mum or dad?  
And go back to the life that she once had?  
Be drawn back into the family's loving embrace  
Standing at their door with her battered case  
Maybe go back to school or get a job  
Quit sleeping in squats and going on the rob.

Or  
She could call her dealer.

He'd be here within five minutes with the gear  
A quick fix and the drugs would then commandeer  
Her mind and take all these bad feelings away  
And, for a few hours at least, it'll all be okay.  
But then the cycle will start over again  
And the demons will once more creep into her brain  
Her nerves will jangle and her skin will crawl  
And there'll be no cushion to soften her fall  
From the oblivion of being high and numbing the pain  
Yet she craves the sting of the needle entering her vein  
She needs the escape from her own thoughts and fears  
A way to bury the relentless tears  
To eradicate the memories and stifle the screams  
To forget that she once had hopes and dreams.

Is it worth it?

She believes so.

She picks up the phone.



# Rant About The World

As a nation, there is blood that is cursed  
with evil; to the world these men do their worst  
If a river collected the tears I've cried in vain  
A thousand nations could be saved from their thirst.

I rage with lost hope; I'm consumed with fear  
At the destruction of a gift so pricelessly dear  
Feeling so helpless, for how can one lone girl  
Defy society? I surrender to my future drear.

A future where children as young as three  
Are handed machine guns to fight for their country  
God bless those child soldiers, those puppets of war  
Forced to become killers, when they should be free.

A future where the landscape lies barren and dry  
Rainforests long chewed up, all remains left to die  
And the corporate fatcats with thick wallets don't give a damn  
That not one bird nor butterfly circles in the sky.

Where industry chokes our once clean air  
With toxic fumes, and does anyone care?  
About the suffering caused, as long as there's profit?  
I want to scream and cry and rage with despair.

And we all see it coming! Almost every day  
The media tells all of disaster headed our way  
And yet nothing's done! Where's the sense in society?  
No justice or reason, no having our say.

We're living in a world today where money  
Is worth more than a life. It just isn't funny.  
Don't you believe you're worth more than a car?  
Or a six bedroom mansion somewhere sunny?

Does no-one give a damn about the nuclear wars?  
The global warming, animal testing, teenage whores?  
The fact we have no pride left; just look at us!  
Groveling before the government on all fours.

We're not seen as individuals; we're seen as a mass  
United by ignorance; divided by class  
Those in power lord it over us as though we are their toys  
Infiltrating their poison into our lives like a noxious gas.

Kristina Jones

# Rose In A Box

I take a box of solid steel, my final gift to you  
Our parting token, last goodbye, before we walk our paths anew.  
Inside I place a Rose; like my heart, it has blackened with time  
'Twas blooming crimson when first we met, but withered with each clock's chime.  
That Rose is as our love was; so blooming and fresh at the start  
But a Rose is not meant to be kept in a box; it needs freedom, just like my heart.  
A Wild Rose can grow any way it wants, but is pruned under human hand  
It has to follow a set of rules its Wanderlust can't understand.  
So now I hand you a Rose in a box, because I want you to see  
The reason I had to leave you; my heart is a Gypsy, it loves to feel free.  
When you're ready, dearest, toss the Rose in the turbulent sea  
Let go of my heart forever; say goodbye and set me free xxx

Kristina Jones

# Warning To All Flying Insects!

Gossamer-silk strands wove into artwork,  
Hung on bramble, glistening with morning dew,  
Frail as a whisper, destroyed by one rainfall  
And the artist must start his creation anew.

But don't be fooled by its delicacy!  
The web holds a license to kill  
Its grip of death with embrace you  
And its Monster, concealed, lurks in shadows, so still.

So when dancing, nonchalant, through the air,  
Beware! That dance may be your last,  
For if you foolishly stumble into His trap,  
The Monster tonight breaks his fast.

You'll be caressed by the satin jaws of oblivion,  
Feel horror at the power such lacy beauty can yield,  
Then there's the panic-struck struggle as the Monster scuttles over,  
And with a paralysing kiss, your Fate is sealed.

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# Why I Love You

You've seen me naked, and still loved me with all of my flaws  
You've seen me sick, and still held me close, not a pause  
You've seen me drunk and obnoxious, and not run away  
You've seen me sad and insecure, yet still you stay.

I'm a broken mess of emotional waste  
I can be shallow, bitter and often two-faced  
I bitch when I'm unsure, and sometimes lie when I'm afraid  
And though I have hurt you, still you have stayed.

You know when to humour me, and give me space  
You know when to wrap me in a smothering embrace  
When to tell me to grow up, and stop acting like a child  
When to soothe me when I'm angry and riled.

You've seen my scars and imperfections  
And still loved me.  
For that I thank you forever  
Please promise me you'll never  
Go away.

Kristina Jones

# You Make Me Feel

Those days were long gone when I was reckless and crazy  
But you make me feel a way I've not known since I was a child  
When I had no fear, adventure was spontaneous,  
I believed in magic, and life was fast-paced and wild!

You make me feel like anything – anything, is possible  
Given me the desire of the moth for the star  
Shown me the thrill of searching for fairy footsteps  
And listening for the hoof beat of unicorns from afar.

You make me feel as alive as a springtime bud  
Just bursting to bloom into vibrant beauty and grace  
To feel the summer breeze sweep past my skin  
And feel the sunshine rest on my face.

You've filled my darkness with glitter and rainbows  
And made me feel like I stand ten feet tall  
I guess what I'm trying to say is  
I love you. That is all.  
:)

Kristina Jones