

Poetry Series

Laura Cummings
- poems -

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Laura Cummings(Friday 16th October 1987)

I've always enjoyed writting poetry and only seek to improve.

Ultimo Momenti Come Un Spinster, Primi Momenti, Tua Sposa.

Camminando lentamente io guardo a voi,
Prendendo respiri profondi come me,
I miei ultimi momenti, come me,
Prima di sigillare come 'noi',
Guardo profondamente negli occhi,
e quasi piangere.
Si tratta di noi, sempre più ad essere,
Voi e me,
Voi e me.

Facciamo i nostri voti, l'uno con l'altro,
Scivolando dolcemente su un dito,
Assunzione di primi passi nella vita nuova,
Come l'uomo e la moglie.
Guardo profondamente negli occhi,
Mi sembra così difficile non piangere.
Si tratta di noi, sempre più ad essere,
Voi e me,
Voi e me.

Walking slowly I look at you,
Taking deep breaths as I do,
My last few moments as me,
Before sealing as 'we',
I look deeply into your eyes,
and nearly cry.
This is us, forever more to be,
You and me,
You and me.

We make our vows to one another,
Softly slipping on a finger,
Taking first steps into new life,
As man and wife.
I look deeply into your eyes,
I find it so hard not to cry.

This is us, forever more to be,
You and me,
You and me.

Laura Cummings

?

Can you hear the gentle trickling of a nearby stream?
Does it make you long to be that free?
Can you feel it's beautiful cool as it runs through your toes?
Do you dream of submerging yourself in it away from the intense heat i feel
flowing beneath your skin?
Can you taste the salt on your lips as you run your tongue over their plump
fullness?
Would you like me to kiss those lips and drink my full of you?
Do you hear the crashing of the ocean against your moans of pleasure?
Do you want to ride that wave to its highest peak?
Can you feel my fingers inside you pulling you under?
Can you feel my pleasure as I taste yours?
Can you whisper my name that way just once more?
Can you touch me like its the last time we will belong to each other like this?
Can you kiss me like it's the last kiss?
As we make love as a proclamation to the world.

Laura Cummings

A Poem To Jack

I was snooping around my mates lap,
And his name was Jack,
What was found there,
Can only be described,
As two big biscuits and a shortcake.
The smell to each was distinct to its own,
And can never be replicated.
O Jack why did you leave me,
I thought forever we would be,
I only wanted a biscuit after dribbling on your knee.

Laura Cummings

A Vicious Cycle

Taking life and feeding death
a broken path, a fork in the road.
Screaming, beating, defeating,
not making any sense but still vital to life and death.
Whispering cruel thoughts, stealing breath
voicing once hidden intentions.
Taking life and feeding death.

Gentle heat, steadfast heart
killing death to take a chance on life every fourth.
Fighting, winning and losing,
not making any sense but still vital to life and death.
Encouraging and coaxing, giving life
pushing back the darkness until its turn to submit.
Taking death and making life.

Whipped around, a vicious cycle
full of life and death, each vital to survival.
Giving up, making a new start, taking a chance on something new
Still making no sense at all, but perhaps it's not ment to.
Degrading, crushing, Encouraging, freeing
Compromise, age, learning to wait.
Life and death, each vital to survival.

Laura Cummings

Bad Luck

Trting to be brave
bit by bit
piece by piece
broken promises
stir fear
hating the enemy
thinking only of yourself
doing things 'for the best'
doing things for personal gain more like
brushing my hair
combing out the lugs
the knots will always be there
looking at the enemy
facing my worst fears
kissing death on the cheack
looking at the enemy
staring at her straight in the face
as i glare in hatred
the glass shatters
another seven years of bad luck.

Laura Cummings

Bad Writing

"E-nun-ci-ate! " screaming at the top of lungs,
Speak correctly or keep your mouth shut.

"Spell check! " You've spelt that wrong what's the matter with you?
Rips out the page before yelling to start over.

"What is this crap? It makes no sense! You can't die at the hand of a thousand men.

Take it out, learn life and don't come back until you've learnt something better to write.

Crying about death and loneliness, singing about love and sex, you haven't lived....

This is bad writing- not to your full potential."

Disappointment, angst... not what life is about? Love, marriage, sex, and war – all empty.

Where is the line? I try to see, but where it is, is never clear to me.

Bonnefide case of SSDD.

"Good writing? Bad writing? Stop writing random crap and write from the heart. Write from the soul. Still bad writing? Go away. Don't come back. Try a hand at something else.

Laura Cummings

Bedtime Stories

I love you baby cant you see
your what the word 'everything' means to me.
I've got this book with photos and other momentos instde,
although I didn't feel it at first it soon became something I just couldn't hide
this never ending love I'm now wearing with pride.
Although I didn't feel it at first I knew who you were
I recognised you other half of my soul I knew I'd found forever.

So I started this book of memories of just us two,
so that one day I could show our children
how mummy and daddy found each other.
I can tell how mummy was lost but daddy found her,
looked after her and loved her,
one day put a ring around her finger.
Then when our babies have babies we will still be writting this book together,
sit the new generation upon a knee
and tell them their favorite bedtime story
the one of you and me.

We have to keep on fighting my love,
never giving up.
Nothing is ever easy,
if it were it wouldn't be worth having this love of ours.
I know you're my forever, the one I'd give everything for,
and if i could even more.
So why is it that i feel so sore? Bad things never happen alone.
If one aspect of life goes wrong another is soon to follow.
I'm already going through some shit and now I'm wondering,
will you be the next to land in it?
Say 'No! ' with a passion and mean it so.
Please baby please, don't let us go!

Laura Cummings

Behind The Steering Wheel.

Travelling too fast, feeling so free,
needing to go faster, and making love to the danger.
Tasting the fear in your heart as
blood pumps through your veins, only
breathing in adrenalin. Everything
passes past in a blur, not seeing
anything, not feeling
anything except the need to be free.
Everything is forgotten in
the race
to reach the end of the line,
daring fate to take
your life
now that you've made it so easy.
Nothings happening, you're
numb from the feeling of being all
alone in a world where
you're over-crowded.
The wind cuts your face and hands as
you suddenly have to pull on the breaks.
You're going to fast!
It's too late to stop!
Life flashes before you're eyes as
you recall the cocky feeling of thinking
you know everything.
You know nothing.
You haven't lived.
You know with absolute certainty that
you're going to die.
Life is a fast moving vehicle and
you're behind the steering wheel.
Drive safely.

Laura Cummings

Behind Tired Eyes

The restless soul of a well worn youth,
Storms of rage at those who waste,
The waves of love that come crashing down on unsuspecting people,
It all lies behind tired eyes.
The knowlege of generations past,
Emotions and memories that should live on forever,
But will eventually die,
It all lies behind tired eyes.
Storms of rage, waves of love,
None of this was ever enough,
Because behind tired eyes lies a sadness that no one will remember,
Lying and cheating left these tired eyes all alone,
No one to care what happens and where,
It al lies behind tired eyes that cheated,
And now must wait,
Untill those tired eyes,
Finaly close,
Blotting out what no one else will ever know.

Laura Cummings

Cry

I haven't got alot to say so lets just end it here.
This is the end of the line my dear, don't cry
I don't want to hear.
Before you left me, but now I'm leaving you, This is all so unreal,
It can't be true, say it isn't true.
Listen to my laughter, listen to your tears,
This wasn't how you wanted it and yes I heard you beg.
Pleading for one more chance, you cried, this can't be all there is!
There's nothing left for you here now,
What're you going to do?

Offer yourself, To the Wolf's cry,
Live and die, right by his side.
Offer your throat to the Wolf's teeth,
Give your blood, sacrifice.
Offer your spirit to the Wolf's soul,
Give your last breath so you won't die anymore.
Give your bone to the Earth crumbling beneath the Wolf's feet,
You've lived now die, I hear shame in your cry.

Listen to my laughter, listen to your tears,
How do we know that this world is real and not a dream as I fear?
The dream world is the real world, subconsciously tell the truth,
It'll set you free, I'll set you free, why live one more day with me?
This was how I wanted it, worked for it and created it,
Just so I could complain about it and then destroy it.
Open up your hearts apocolpse,
The end is near, it's you I fear...

Offer yourself to my cry,
Live and die, right by my side.
Offer your throat to my teeth,
Give your blood, sacrifice.
Offer your spirit to my soul,
Give your last breath, one more try, hurry up and die.
Offer your bone, to the dark Earth beneath my feet,
And feel glorious.
You've lived now die, the shame is mine to cry.

Dead To The World

Warm, and stinging it drips from my wrist
The blood he made
Amount to nothing, nothing to look forward to
Not going anywhere
A second of happiness a year of misery
Kill myself now and no-one notices that I'm not there
No-one to miss, missed by none
Drowning in the grief that you gave me
Everything will not be alright
He made me bleed tonight and I hate him so much that
one of us must die
I don't hate the blood
The blood makes me feel strong
The blood makes me feel alive
The blood makes me feel real
Not real, not alive, going through the motions of yesterday
Who makes you feel the way that I make you feel?

Laura Cummings

Desperation

Desperation, i've been told,
whilst waiting for a love to unfold;
fighting and dying at the hands of fate,
a fartherless child born not a day late;
taking promises, taking trust,
setting fire,
watch with a smile and a tear
as they turn to dust.
Buried in the silence.
Heart wrenched from one silken touch,
sometimes beauty is not recognised.
when it contrasts with what is felt inside.
To whom does the right belong to point the finger
at whats not understood?
Going to the extream, we are all mad.
Random acts of kindness flow, through rivers stained red, .
Its only when i feel your arms are wrapped around me,
that i see the world as it should be,
whilst desperatly waiting for a love to unfold.

Laura Cummings

Dont Bite Me!

dont bite me,
dont scar me,
dont take my life with your hands,
dont rip me,
stop hurting me,
im inside you,
stop falling,
you take me with you,
stop cutting,
stop hateing,
stop dispising yourself,
i am you,
when you hurt yourself,
you hurt me too.

Laura Cummings

Emotions Raw

Emotions raw,
i want you to touch me
one more time.

This love is an open door,
stay just a little longer.

Once you have left,
ill be alone trying to hold
your memory in my hands but
its like

free
flowing
water.

Not knowing what meanders around the river bed.

Wish i could swim in your waters forever,
but im bearly able to keep my head up as it is.

And i can feel your eyes on me,
i dnt even have to turn to know that you're there
watching.

Your touch stroking softly,
even though you're out of reach.

I'd love to spend my life without paying the price,
but no.

Laura Cummings

Ghetto

Being brought up in the ghetto
Washington DC
seeing murder on the streets,
people walking by,
registering no surprise.
Looking out your window and feeling like you could just be watching the news.

People doing drugs in full view
track marks displayed as a sign of strength.
Mothers sitting on needles,
waiting for their kids to come home.
Being told im spechial
worshiped like the hot desert sands worship the rain.
Being bullied for my name and race,
tar poured in my hair
clothes set on fire.
A useless father who amounts to nothing,
drinks himself stupid
throws himself down the stairs,
breaks his neck.
Mother grows insane
forgets why she loves me,
tries to poison my mind.
Being bought up in the ghetto
Washington DC,
how can i amount to anything
if this is the life handed out to me?

Laura Cummings

Glass Walls

Paranoid about the people I meet never alone when I walk in the street
Dark gazing eyes that pierce through my soul seeing you
You there in my heart making yourself comfortable
Never noticing that you're hurting me
But they see
Yes they see alright
Those dark piercing eyes see right through me
You don't even though your inside me
Look around and your sat in a room of mirrors
A room of mirrors in my heart with you sat in the middle
Reflected from every angle
I see you
I'm not in you like you're in me
Deeply rooted so that the idea of breathing without you there
The glass shatters
The glass walls of my heart shatters
Without you there to hold them up.
Oh open up your heart to me
So that I too can sit alone in a room of glass mirrors
Rooted deep in the depths of your soul existance
Love me like I love you
Maybe I wont die today
I'll think about it tomorow in my brick house.
No glass mirrors reminding me of you as I realise that I have to
Say goodbye
Forever
No more rooms of glass mirrors with only one seat
Im building a whole stadium in there
Better get in line if you want a ticket.

Laura Cummings

Hello?

Hello?
Are you here?
Can u hear me,
Crying.
Do u know?
Do you care?
I'm dying.
It was me,
You were it,
Lying.
Just for once,
In my life,
Trying.
It's not right,
To take a life,
Killing.
What was there,
But now is not,
Hiding.
Follow me,
Take my hand,
We'll go flying.
Can you see?
In the dark,
Bleeding.
Just for you,
I'll take my life,
Demanding.
One more time,
Just for me,
Scaring.
Its an image,
Its a fake,
An illusion.
Its not real,
It's in my mind,
Delusions.
You don't exist,
Do I?

I'm not here,
Go away,
I'm trying.
To disappear,
To not be here.
The world is lying.
It's broken,
Cannot be fixed,
In pieces.
Its so sore,
So red and unpure,
Deciving.
Hello?

Laura Cummings

Humble Pie

Take a deep breath
Accept that you're wrong.

Not the end of the world
Scrape yourself off the floor and start again.

A little bit of faith from those who believe in you
Despite your negativity, spite and lack of sensitivity.

Have I met the real you yet?
Will I ever?

Eat some humble pie
Stop glossing over your failures.

Acknowledge your defeats
Do something about them.

It's not the end of the world
You can still scrape yourself off the floor and start again.

Laura Cummings

I Hate / I Love

Ich hasse das Licht,
Ich hasse die dunkle,
Ich hasse dieses weeping klaffende Loch in mir.

Ich liebe Stille,
Ich liebe nichts,
Ich liebe die Freisetzung Schweiß des Todes.

Ich hasse diesen Raum,
Ich hasse es, nicht zu wissen,
Ich hasse die Wahrheit dessen, was in mir.

Ich liebe Stille,
Ich liebe nichts,
Ich liebe die release Schweiß des Todes.

Ich hasse Sie mir und uns,
Ich hasse die Sterne in der Nacht,
Ich hasse die Art und Weise man mir bewusst.

Ich liebe Stille,
Ich liebe nichts,
Ich liebe die Freisetzung Schweiß des Todes.

Ich hasse, wie du mich liebst,
Ich hasse die Art, wie ich liebe dich auch
Ich hasse die Art und Weise Sie mich.

Ich liebe Stille,
Ich liebe nichts,
Ich liebe die Freisetzung Schweiß des Todes.

Ich hasse die Art, wie wir sind, wenn wir uns auseinander,
Ich hasse uns zusammen,
Ich hasse die Art, wie wir wissen, wir werden für immer zusammen.

I hate the light,
I hate the dark,
I hate this gaping weeping hole inside of me.

I love silence,
I love nothing,
I love the sweat release of death.

I hate this space,
I hate not knowing,
I hate the truth of what's inside of me.

I love silence,
I love nothing,
I love the sweat release of death.

I hate you me and us,
I hate the stars at night,
I hate the way you look at me knowingly.

I love silence,
I love nothing,
I love the sweat release of death.

I hate the way you love me,
I hate the way I love you too,
I hate the way you make me feel.

I love silence,
I love nothing,
I love the sweat release of death.

I hate the way we are when we're apart,
I hate us together,
I hate the way we know we're going to be together forever.

Laura Cummings

I Love My Daddy (Age16)

I love loving my Daddy,
I love it when he gives me love,
It started when i was 5-6 years old,
It used to hurt when my Daddy loved me,
But recently it started feeling good,
I love it when he creeps into my room late at night,
And reminds me as always that its our little secret,
And that everyone does it they just dont like to talk about it,
No wonder everyone does it when it feels so good,
I love it when he touches my neck,
To my lower soft spot,
He touches so gently yet firmly,
Slow then fast,
then he lifts my arms above my head while kissing me passionately,
Then he puts my arms around his neck and instructs me to wrap my legs around
his waist,
Then hands on my bottom he enters me,
Pushing, harder and faster, he starts groaning,
I groan wioth him, my Daddy feels so damn good,
Then finaly we release, and my Daddy leaves me,
Always whispering,
Its our little secret.

Laura Cummings

Imagination

Fields of imagination with nothing to write but biographical one-liners that don't make good reading.

Good poetry is all about the imagination, but how to open that door without revealing ones life story?

Jumping through meadows of hay trying to find a gate to the other side, where the grass is always greener.

The caterpillar that turns into a butterfly, no more or less beautiful when you look at life, and the world doesn't always appear less harsh through someone else's eyes.

Days, months... a year, without rain where fields of life so easily turn to fields of death,
caught up in a wishing well of cholera inducing death.

Russia and America circle each other, the wrong words at the wrong moment said with no one intent but interpreted as something completely different, the difference between wishing someone were gone and wishing they were dead... one mind, a world of people, one button.

Who can honestly assess great writing from bad? Was Shakespeare truly great? William Blake... disillusioned and driven insane by his own imagination, or a prophet?

Dancing with disaster dancing with death not accepting that you love every minuet of its fatal kiss. Twisting and turning, coming back for more, a score unsettled, who could want more?

Laura Cummings

Its Always About You

I haven't much of time,
So I'll say this as honestly as I can in the 2 minuets I have,
I will always be around for you,
Whenever you need me,
But I feel like I need to back off a little,
And I think you feel this to,
Because I can feel you pulling away from me,
My opinions are really yours,
And I just want to be me,
And the best person I can be,
Yours truly,
One hundred percent me.

Laura Cummings

Jaxda

Jackie boi
Missing a wee wee
All the while playing GB
Theo and Steph argue
Who does Jackie boi love most?
We all know he loves Stephs feet,
Wants her to find his wee wee,
Which Theo keeps hidden secretly away
Theo took it after his plumber left him
And now Jackie boi must chose
Who is the girl for him?
Theo
Or
Steph?

Laura Cummings

L'Amour

Offres de baisers sur une douce brise,
Appeler votre nom doucement,
Caresse d'amour flottant à travers la peau,
Parler la langue de l'amour, nous adorons les uns les autres,
Promises juré sous serment de sueur libération,
Les fleurs fleurissent sous une attention particulière,
Un sourire, un regard de savoir, à l'état frais au ras de la peau douce,
Cette tentation me prend po.

Tender kisses on a gentle breeze,
Calling your name softly,
Caress full of love floating across skin,
Talking the language of love we worship each other,
Promises sworn under oath of sweat release,
Flowers blooming under careful attention,
A smile, a knowing look, fresh flush of soft skin,
This temptation takes me in.

Laura Cummings

Lavender Embrace

Lavender you,
Soft brush to caress my lips.
The scent of you,
Poisonous to me,
Softly luring me into false security.
Asleep I fall into your unloving embrace.
Play for me, your Black Guitar,
Scream, as you lighten the load.
Your poison leaves you, makes me feel weak,
As it enters into my veins, filling my brain, heart and soul.
Life has never been the same since we met.
Lying to myself, Yes, now that's a skill,
Pretending I'm over you,
When really my love runs deeper, burns harder still.
How is it that you haunt me?
I'm unwillingly sacrificing my soul to you.
My heart bleeds its deepest regret,
As we wish we'd never met.
My tongue has tripped me,
My heart has tricked me,
My love has betrayed me,
Yet still you lie,
Deep inside of me.

Laura Cummings

Life

All that's needed in this life of sin,
Is number one,
Look after number one and don't let the necessary occur,
Look after number one and
Relax
Breathe
Take life slowly
It only comes once and it's gone so fast,
Don't waste your youth and innocent emotions,
Once its gone all that's left are the regrets of what might have been but will
never come to pass,
Life goes so fast,
I'm still young and already yesterday feels like years ago,
And the future is tomorrow.
Look after number one and don't let the necessary occur,
It's all that's needed in this life of sin,
So while you can just relax,
Take life slow,
Breathe and think of who you are,
You have years to look after other people and to tie yourself down,
Take life slowly,
It only comes once and it goes so fast,
Don't waste your youth and innocent emotions,
Once its gone all that's left,
Are the regrets of what might have been,
But will now never come to pass.

Laura Cummings

Me And You

You're driving in the fast lane I'm picking up the pace,
but don't go so fast baby this dream aint a race.
I don't want this love to waste after the bliss of the very first taste.
A beautiful rose is often followed by the discovery of a thorn,
but even through the pain our love can't be out-worn.
Baby I love you, from your side I can't be taken,
baby I need you, from your loving embrace I can't be torn.
A new day is breaking but never shall us two,
for never is there a moment where I'm not thinking of you.
A new day is waking as I lay here beside you,
thinking about our love and the crazy things we both do.

Laura Cummings

Memories And Heroes

We had the chance
But it never happened
And now im left with the ghosts of memories
Saying whisper something nice and ill make you scream twice.
Thinking of all the good times we shared
Even though, the good times were never really there
Because we are walking on the graves of heroes
You left me broken searching for a hero
Until i learnt that everyone is a hero
We are walking on the graves of our heroes
The graves have our names chiseled into them
Everyone is a hero
Everyone is a God
Everyone is evil
Question.
Have i become my inner hero, God
Or have i become my inner evil?

Laura Cummings

My Old China Doll.

hugs, kisses, taken everywhere,
old and worn, left on a shelf to gather dust,
my old china doll.

glass eyes taht follow every move unblinkingly,
eyes that have seen cuts, scrapes, fights and tears,
laughter, fun, dreams of future years.

has been there for hugs and kisses, but now she sits, old and worn, left on a
shelf to gather dust.

my old china doll cries tears that no other soul sees,
her heart sits broken as she sits,
at the back of a shelf, old and worn, left to gather dust.

Laura Cummings

Never Improving Always The Same

Looking for an answer but not listening to words,
speaking without thinking and unleashing a world of hurt,
asking questions and trying to improve,
learning to shut up and let others do the work.

Seeking an answer in deserts of words,
lashing out with vocabulary not intended to cause pain,
taking for granted the people who have always been there,
feeling like dying when they leave.

Taking the answers and keeping them to myself,
learning new meanings and paths to tread,
improving but still no better than before,
learning to shut up and let others do the work.

Laura Cummings

Nightmare In Truth

When the darkness creeps in,
And I can feel the cool wind breathing on the back of my neck,
I think of you to keep sane,
My life
My steady rock.
Then sleep overwhelms me,
And things are happening which I do not control,
Although being aware that I am only sleeping,
I can not force myself to wake,
I can not move,
The fear is overwhelming,
I'm frozen
Unable to move
Unable to scream
Unable to even close my eyes.
So I have to watch,
Unable to do anything to save you,
Blood once innocent flows free,
Suddenly there are other people around while all of this is happening,
But they're not helping you
They're not even looking at you
They're looking at me
Looking with dark accusing eyes
'How could you let this happen'
How could I let this happen
Again.

Laura Cummings

Nothing New

The same old topics over and over again,
each new word the beginning of a trend.
Write your poem as you feel it in the moment,
dont go home and try to recreate emotions now redundant.
PASHION AND FIRE!
BURNING IN LUNGS!
gone once you've managed to find a pen and a bit of paper.
How can you write what tou're no longer feeling?
You end up witting some half stumped 'poem'
that means nothing to anyone,
because it means nothing to you.
The same patterns in every piece,
dead as a rose mid winter frost,
lost the touch of a true persona,
murdered for lack of pen and paper.
The same old topics,
over
and over
again.

Laura Cummings

Pink

Feather light wings that float softly through the air tickled by specks of dust.
Bright white light inflamed with pink and laced with gold.
Raising flowers, changing seasons,
singing in high pitched voices that only children can hear.
Little tiny people in little tiny clothes.
Pink, White and Baby Blue,
Only innocent eyes can see.

Pink nail varnish, Pink lipstick, Pink eye shadow, Pink blusher, Pink clothes that
reveal too much Pink skin.
Standing on street corners innocent eyes forgotten.
Long ago were the days when fairies were believed in.
Lost memories and lost dreams,
innocence killed, for a life of nightmares and love ripped at the seams.

Laura Cummings

Reflections

A broken mirror,
a broken heart.
Mend the pieces,
put them back together.
The cracks still show,
takes a long time to fade.
I will always feel them there.
shadowing my days,
shaping my ways.
I look in the mirror and see someone different.
Someone not me.
I'm not the same person,
never will be.
My reflection is not me,
is yours still you?
watching all the terrible things you do.
Are you ashamed? Can you look at yourself?
Do you see you, the way I do?

Laura Cummings

Running.

Running away from adulthood,
Being chased by points of authority,
Not understanding,
Still seeing and hearing too much for innocent eyes,
Running away from adulthood,
Being rushed, being pushed into adulthood,
I don't feel ready,
Being chased by points of authority,
I don't know what I'm thinking,
I have no plan,
No organisation,
No hope,
I'm just running away from adulthood,
Doing anything to push back the moment when,
I have to grow up,
I don't feel ready,
Being watched by over-observant eyes,
Waiting for my ultimate slip up,
The slip that will give reality leave to,
Kick me in the teeth,
Nothing has changed,
I falter,
I fall,
As you can see,
Nothing's changed at all,
I run from adulthood,
I get chased by points of authority,
Getting rushed, getting pushed into adulthood,
Being forced to 'grow up! '
I'm not ready,
I don't want to take this step,
It's much too big,
And yet,
When I am being over-parented,
Trapped by points of authority,
Trapped in situations that I can't be bothered with,
I welcome adulthood with open arms,
But I'm still not ready.

Self-Righteous Suicide

the worst is over.

WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN.

this painful time has finally come to an end.

FASTEN YOUR SEATBELT, YOU DON'T YET KNOW PAIN.

sitting back at home, free for once to watch Saturday night TV.

HA! NOT YET!

i can't believe I got so stressed over nothing.

NOTHING?

yes, nothing. It's always nothing, I just get silly sometimes.

YOUR SURE OF THAT?

Yes! Would never set out to hurt me.

BUT HE DID!

would never deliberately try to cause me pain.

BUT HE DID!

but he did...

EVERY WORD WAS A LIE!

not a word of truth in all that time.

FREQUENTLY MADE YOU CRY.

crying myself to sleep every night almost became a hobby for me.

KILL HIM!

if only something bad would befall him...

KILL HIM!

i always wanted to drown somebody...

KILL HIM!

yes?

KILL HIM!

i'm going to kill him.

YES! KILL HIM!

if he's dead, he won't be able to hurt me anymore.

KILL HIM!

YES! I will KILL HIM!

KILL HIM!

YES! I WILL KILL....NO! I will not let him destroy anymore of my life!

KILL HIM!

no!

KILL HIM!

NO!

KILL YOURSELF!

...

DIE!

...

YES!

...

DIE!

Laura Cummings

She Had No Choice

Cry, I would like.
Cry by the bucket.
I want to shed a flood of tears.
For us.
For me.
For myself.
Yes, for myself as well.
For I feel sorry for myself.

They are there, the tears.
They are ready.
A reservoir of grief I am, that you look at and
Think: how beautiful.
What a quiet overcoming mass that can't get away.

Open the floodgate and there's no stopping me till I'm empty.
Until nothing is left but sludge, a high wall and a gap like this.

Cry my heart out, I want
Cry like a baby that can't be hushed
Because that's impossible.
Because it doesn't want to be hushed.
Later.

Yes.

Later.
But not now.

The consolation will come later when all the water has gone.
The consolation will be there.
When all the water has gone, there is only consolation, I do know that.
But for now, it must flow, unstoppable, flow it must.
Without a reason because the reason is too big, the reason is
Too much, cannot be grasped, is colossal but not important.

And I try.
I'm standing right here, trying.

Doesn't work.
Because Fear is here.

Fear is bloody fast.
Fear rushes past me, as I'm trying and
When I'm finally ready, Fear is waiting for me.

"First" says Fear.

He is too fast for me.

Fear for that gap.
The yawning gap, after I've run empty.

And too high a wall.
A far too high a wall.
A mega wall.
A wall with a yawning gap and on top of it is your self-
Confidence.
You put it there.
Before. Too be sure.
But with all the water gone, you can't reach it anymore.

I'll never get there.
It is too big.

I stop trying.
I give up. I stand.
Just like that.
I stand.
I even smile a little and say that I love you.
Me too, He says.
He smiles
I smile.

We smile at each other.

He has a beautiful smile, I think, and I broaden mine.

Two smiles in our living-room.
One stands, the other sits on the couch holding a book.
They're looking at each other and they both know that something

Has got to happen because you can't keep it up lest they freeze
And die.
Smiles know that.
Smiles know that they can't last.

So, one goes on reading and the other one keeps standing
And wonders if He also has a reservoir like that.

Laura Cummings

Sleeping Together

Today I woke up and for the first time my thoughts were not of you,
I got up and bit my lip until I could taste the salt of my own blood.
Maybe, just maybe I will wake up from life also
To find myself being reborn
The life that I knew just a vision
Of what not to do.

Today I woke up to a brand new day
Thunder and lightning fighting in the sky above
As the clouds bump heads.
Rain crashes down
Brutally washing the world of its impurities
Cleaning everything and making it new,
So that tomorrow will be a Clean new day
A fresh start full of hopes and possibilities
Aching to be broken as sin comes forth.

Today I woke up and although You are now on my mind
So is another.
Another who was forgotten when I was returned to you.
That's improvement.
At least I won't feel guilt when I leave now.
When I travel far away.
Gone for long periods at a time.
I can't guarantee that I'll write or even that I'll be thinking of you.
But when I return I know that the fact that I've missed you will hit me like
A wave of sorrow
Reminding me that although I think I'm changing and improving
I'm not.
I'm just going round in circles.

Tomorrow I'll wake up and go back to sleep
Tomorrow hopefully I won't wake up
Tomorrow I want to carry on sleeping
Tomorrow I want you to carry on sleeping
Together we'll be dreaming
Together we'll be happy
Together we'll be in love
Together we'll be dead.

Laura Cummings

Stalked

Call me up and threaten me, how dare
I leave you, bully me, intimidate
me, trying to force me to feel
something I don't.

Once I was sorry, I knew what I
had done was right but
still I was sorry, sorry
to hurt you, sorry
to have lost what once upon a time
might have been a friendship.

Now your guilt trip follows me,
turning sorrow into anger,
destroying a third chance with
someone else.

First and second time they chickened
out, maybe the third time will do the
trick. Equal rights with the right amount
of dislikes. Talented touch that leaves a
trail of shivers across the surface of my skin,
leaving me cold and yet still I burn with suspense.

Dreams, wants, still stalked by nightmares.
Sharing secrets that should never have been told,
Leaving fear in a friendship that's starting to evolve.

Laura Cummings

The Cry

Listen,
hear it,
softly whispered in the wind.
Taste it,
feel it,
let it flow through your limbs.
Question it,
answer it,
find where it's from.
Search,
discover,
the cry coming from within.
Th wolf howls at the moonlit sky,
breaking your heart,
making you cry.
Your soul whispers to your heart,
'Be still, I'm here,
right by your side.'

Laura Cummings

The Healer.

I race to your side and press my hands against your warm smooth skin,
Our eyes lock I take a deep breath and the connection begins,
I see into your soul and wonder if you can see mine,
I feel our souls entwine as I get a rush of images,
Flashes of your past,
Images of how you see me,
And the strangest thing is that through your eyes I am beautiful,
I feel us pulling closer as a white light wraps around us tickling our skin.
Suddenly we're naked,
And I can't remember how that happened,
Our bodies are now so close that its almost like we share the same skin,
Our lips lock and move together in rhythm,
And for the first time in my life,
I'm healed,
I'm one not half,
I am whole.

Laura Cummings

The Song That Triggers My Memory

As she lay dying with the radio playing softly in the background,
The notes of a song so sweet tickled and triggered her memory,
Number one in the charts the week she was born,
Playing at her eighteenth birthday party as she floated and swayed in a glorious
dance,
The first dance with her first and only boyfriend was during this melody,
Playing at their wedding as a song they claimed 'theirs',
Playing its gentle coaxing notes as she made love with her husband on their
wedding night,
Had danced and spun to it with her children, spinning them in her arms until all
fell to the floor in a dizzy heap,
Now it plays softly in the background as her life slowly trickles away from her,
As she loses that once firm hold on a life so dear,
Triggering her memory to a life that would end with the last single note of a now
bittersweet symphony.

Laura Cummings

The Way The Wind Blows.

whispering in my ear,
secret thoughts for none but one to hear,
brushing against my skin with cold yet gentle finger tips,
a loving caress,
breathing, sighing, tousleing my hair,
caring my feet forward even when its difficult and im finding it hard just to
breathe,
soft and gentle, coaching, teaching.
angry, harsh, punishing, forcing me onwards,
riping across my skin like a cold blade,
freezing my blood as it struggles through my veins.
angry, harsh, punishing, forcefull, urging me onwards.
soft and gentle, coaching and teaching,
the yin and yalng of the way the wind blows.

Laura Cummings

This Is My Last Goodbye

Who am I?

Please don't just say my name with a silly grin,

I haven't got the toughest of skin,

And my life is beginning to feel like a sin.

I thought that in my life I would only need,

One person to be there for me.

But now I look at you,

And you're not the person that you used to be.

I don't know how much longer this can last.

I need you to understand,

That I don't want us to depart,

But if I do it now,

While my heart has enough strength to let others in,

I might not die,

When its time for you to say goodbye,

And when I wake up knowing,

I'll never see you again,

Even though I'll still think of you,

With every passing day.

It's taken a lot of time,

For me to say this to your face,

But now when I look up at you,

I realise I'm looking in a mirror,

And just talking to myself again,

Waiting until I'm strong enough to talk to you.

Laura Cummings

Too Much Free Time Now

Ok, so what.

It's in the past.

Not much to be done about it now....

What are you talking about?

You KNOW im sorry!

I've said it like a hundred times already.

Ok, so what.

It's in the past.

Not much to be done about it now.

Shit stirring!

Me?

I love you.

I only wanted the beauty i see in you to be seen,

whats the point? they said.

why let him get away with more than everyone else? they said.

I only wanted them to see the beauty i see in you.

Ok, so what.

It's in the past.

Not much to be done about it now.

I sometimes wonder if you ever had really trusted me,

Or if you had just pretended for fear of being alone.

I think at the start it must have been the later,

But now i remember tender moments when i could feel you letting me in,

Letting down your guard,

Showing more beauty within.

But I've ruined it now,

The hate in your eyes, the cool hard anger in your voice,

It's all i can think and dream about.

Ok, so what.

It's in the past.

Not much to be done about it now.

It's been over a week now,

It's been over three years since i went this long without speaking to you and before those three years i'd never even met you.

I cant seem to remember how i lived before.

When you dedicate most of your time to someone,

then you ruin it so that that person is no longer round,

your left with alot of free time on your hands.

How am i going to fill that time?

'Blood flows thicker than water'
O well, what can i say?
It was my own fault... i never should have told.
Ok, so what.
It's in the past.
Not much to be done about it now.

Laura Cummings

Typing To Hard

Thumping away with no remorse
Typing too hard
No need to take out anger on a keyboard
Scream at the wall stamp the floor
But don't type away as if each key is a member of year 9.

They're rude
They have no sense of personal hygiene
They don't want to learn
Scream away at them if will
But don't take your anger out on a keyboard.

Laura Cummings

Voodoo love puppet

Touch me, Tickle me... Spank me.
Take me,
I'm you're love puppet,
Stick you're pins in me,
Torture me, Prick me,
Dig a little deeper.
Scratch me with you're nails, dig them into my skin,
I'm under your skin,
And that's where i want to stay,
Take me over,
Invade my soul,
Take my life,
It belongs to you,
Im your sacrifice.
I want you to touch me,
Burn me with the feel of your skin against mine,
So we're caught in the fire,
From where we shall never return.
Take my life with you're hands,
Swallow it whole,
I belong to you,
Dont want to hurt no more.
I'm you're love puppet,
Stick you're pins in me,
Torture me, Prick me,
Dig a little deeper.
Scratch me with you're nails, dig them into my skin,
I'm under your skin,
And that's where i want to stay,
Take me over,
Invade my soul,
Take my life,
It belongs to you,
Im your sacrifice.

Laura Cummings

Walls To Be Broken

When you breathe i feel you breath in my lungs,
When you run i have to catch my breath,
People dont see what i see...
But then, you dont either,
Sometimes i wonder exactly what you do see when you look in the mirror,
When i look at you i only see light,
When everywhere else is covered in darkness,
Even my heart,
So far only one person has broken that barrier,
But i need to let someone else through,
Hopefully you,
Because when that one person leaves,
Ill be left to die,
So ill slowly let you in,
While preparing someone else to keep me alive,
Once you dessert me also,
But no matter what i do,
One day i will be completely alone,
The blood in my viens running cold,
The thoughts in my head turning numb,
And your son,
Will walk over my grave,
Not even realising that he is walking,
On the love,
That you should have saved.

Laura Cummings

Washing Clean Tomorrow

The rain fell down,
washing all around as it pelts to the ground.
The ground opens up and swallows,
ever thirsty for more to follow.
The leaves cackle and laugh,
the wind bellows and brawls,
as they rustle and fall.
The streets flood as the rain builds up,
the children laugh and scream,
as they jump around with anticipated glee.
The thunder claps the lightning strikes,
the earth quivers with its might.
A new day breaks,
the night previous lies in its wake.
The sun shines down a glorious glow on all the lies below,
life awakens, morning has broken.
Chirping birds and thriving plants sing the day away,
as children play, jumping in puddles up to their knees,
Untill parents call,
after all, tomorrow rain may fall.

Laura Cummings

What Is A Poem?

What is a poem?

Is it a child running free without a care in the world,
With no idea of the tough times ahead.

What is a poem?

Is it bumping into someone in the street and knowing instantly that you love
them,
But will probably never see them again.

What is a poem?

Is it a woman giving birth for the first time going through all that pain,
And still loving that beautiful baby in a way in which only another mother can
understand.

What is a poem?

Is it experiencing the tsunami in person,
While other people watch it in their homes on the news.

What is a poem?

Is it discovering that an apple will always fall down when dropped,
Is it asking why does it fell down when dropped.

What is a poem?

Is it dying and knowing that the person you once loved and touched is
underground,
Is it knowing that someday you will also die.

What is a poem?

Its all of the above and many more besides,
And being able to express it in a way that others will be able to associate with.
All of this is a poem.

Laura Cummings

What's The Word?

When told to sum up the feelings I have for a person in
one word,
I found it impossible,
What is the word?
For so many different feelings all at once.
Both the best and worst person in my life.
Giving up your own happiness just to see this person smile
with sincerity.
Unable to withhold a giggle at the stupidest of comments,
It's not that easy to make me laugh!
Yet everything said seems to hit the right nerve.
Untangling hidden thoughts with a few well chosen words,
not even realising how much I'm revealing.
At the same time being able to talk with total seriousness about things that
matter,
Then going back to giggle at a silly sounding word.
Being able to be one hundred percent me,
like I'd always wanted to be...
Still, that's not really true,
It's not possible to be one hundred percent you,
Because no matter the person there will always be some things better kept
hidden.
Still unable to sum up this one word...
For loving and hating someone in equal amounts.
Feeling equal and yet helplessly falling below,
when other times you feel much higher above,
a much better person than that who you love.
No sound or sight for months and months,
both happier and sadder by this.
Though, most of the time it's like a weight being lifted,
Able to walk with a bounce in step.
Being able to maintain this composure for only a week after friendship reunited,
Then back to square one,
a helpless cycle that can't be broken.

Laura Cummings